CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

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Edited by
HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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COVER DESIGN by F. D. Schwalm
Illustrating Juliana in Service

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The January Canada-West

A Glimpse at the Contents

A Cover Design—unique—charming by Florence Pretz—**The Little Empire Builder.**

General Articles by

RICHARD A. HASTE, who describes that miracle-worker **The Warm Chinook,** in its most interesting phases. **AGNES DEANS CAMERON,** who writes most entertainingly of **The Isle o' Dreams.** What would the world do if an island rich beyond the dreams of avaricious man were suddenly set down in the Pacific Ocean. It is of such an island Miss Cameron tells. **E. CORA HIND,** whose fifth installment of **A Paternal Corporation** paints vivid pictures of Canada's hotels, that "chain of silken ease" which stretches across the continent. **MAE HARRIS HANSON,** a picturesque account of one type of Canadian immigrant, **The Peasant. EDWARD ANGUS** has described a picturesque **Canadian Winter Resort;** and **F. W. RUSSEL** in **Selling An Empire** has told how one man-made corporation placed on the market nearly thirty million acres of the richest land in the world.

As for Fiction—

FORREST CRISSEY has a story, **The Baby and the Burglar,** that strikes a deep human note. **CY WARMAN** contributes one of his delightful sketches that smells of the woods. **SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL** offers one of her most attractive stories for children, **Nubbles and the Queen's Supper. FRED NASON** in **The Confidence Woman** tells a humorous tale of three learned men and a woman. **CHARLES F. RAYMOND** has given us a splendid mystery story in **The Green Stone Ring;** and **ROSE KING** in **Her Photographic Idol,** and **JEANNETTE COOPER** in **The Surrender** have both written the sort of love stories you all like to read.

The Illustrations are on a par with the stories and the general articles.

Don't Miss the January Canada-West

The Canada-West in 1908

FREDERICK NOTEWARE
who is to illustrate Forrest Crissey's story

WHAT is in for you? Just to give you a taste, we will say that we have two serials in hand for the coming months; one, "The Homesteaders," by Jessie Beckton, a story of the prairies; another, "The Heart of a Horse," by Cy Warman, which needs no further recommendation. We have matter by Shailer Mathews, Editor of The World To-Day, and Dean of a great Divinity College; Arthur Stringer, poet and author; Agnes Deans Cameron, contributor to the Saturday Evening Post; William Hard of Everybody's Magazine; and Elliott Flower, the novelist; clever stories by "Dick" Little, the war correspondent; and general articles and fiction from Hubert McBean Johnston, Mae Harris Anson, Forrest Crissey, Jeannette Cooper, Garnett Campbell Eubank, E. Cora Hind, Karl Edwin Harriman, and many others. We shall do our level best to make each succeeding number of the Canada-West better than the last.

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The Walter E. Gunn Company, Walker Theatre Building, Winnipeg

Short bas of laughter came to the ears of Mickey.

The Tune the Cow Died On See page 174

CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
1907

VOL. III.
NO. 2

Juliana in Service

By Jeannette Cooper

Author of "The Ghost of The Trail," "A Candid Violet," etc.

JULIANA was sociologically inclined. That was how it came about that she found herself one afternoon sitting forlornly on her trunk and homesickly surveying an attic apartment containing a small hard bed, a lopsided washstand, and a mirror that assured her with untruthful persistency that she was not a pleasure to look at.

"Anyway it isn't a basement," said Juliana glancing about her. Three promising places—promising from her point of view—had she refused because she could not command her courage to the point of sleeping downstairs. In this house there were no basement bedrooms and the two tiny attic rooms were given up to the cook and the housemaid. She reviewed mentally the apartments on the lower floors through which her mistress had conducted her and compared them with this in which she sat; after which she got her notebook out of her bag and made a few hasty notes. Juliana was going to do a series of articles on the Domestic Service Problem and she was getting her material at first hand.

She felt very pleased with her notes. They were lightly satirical. When she had done her hair over before the malicious mirror she made some more notes. These were filled with a yearning cry of gloom. She felt a gratifying certainty that a half-column of pathos could always be secured by a few minutes spent before that mirror. She unpacked her trunk, pausing occasionally to add other heart-rending wails of a housemaid cast away on a

desert of lopsided furniture, and when a final survey of herself reflected a cross-eyed face under the exaggerated pompadour she had substituted for her usual rather classic coiffure and a dumpy and grotesque figure in a cheap lace waist, she had really to tear herself from the room so filled was she with gloomy and satirical literature. Just outside the door she met Mrs. Wentworth.

"Oh, Julia," said that lady who was a pretty and stylish young person, "I quite forgot to tell you that I have ordered some new furniture for your room. We have just moved to Winnipeg and I have not been able to get it attended to sooner. The new things will be up to morrow."

Juliana did not write up her notes that evening on the sleeping accommodations offered servants. But she made two notes on different subjects and underscored them. They read as follows:

"The cook has been called home. I am to do her work this week as well as my own."

"Mrs. Wentworth expects her brother to-morrow making when Mr. Wentworth arrives—four in the family. It is this uncertainty of the demands on one's time and strength that makes household service so unpopular."

"But perhaps the chief thing," Juliana sharpened her pencil and took a fresh start, "is the line drawn between those who employ servants and those who serve; a line, apparently impossible to cross, that lies between the drawing room and the kitchen."

She glanced that over in the morning before she went down to prepare breakfast. It comforted her for her lost inspiration on the subject of servant's rooms and she decided to elaborate that line of thought for her first article. Not that it was a new thought but all one needed was a new viewpoint and a feeling style and surely she, with her experience before her, could count on these. She ran lightly down the backstairs, pushed open the kitchen door and came to a standstill. A young man sat at the kitchen table partaking of a generous piece of apple pie. He looked up at her and smiled. He was a large young man with a handsome mouth and nice eyes. "Good morning," he said. "Don't be frightened. I am Mrs. Wentworth's brother." He surveyed her reassuringly and interestedly as he went on. "The furnace man let me into the basement and I found the stair door unlocked so I did not have to choose between waking the family and walking the streets until a respectable hour." He smiled again and proceeded to make the most of what little pie was left. "It isn't just the thing for breakfast," he commented "but I saw it first."

He had his eyes again on Juliana, who still stood breathlessly by the door. "I believe I really frightened you," he observed, regretfully. "I'm tremendously sorry." She knew perfectly well that he was trying to place her, doubtful of her being a guest down at that hour, doubtful of her being the cook. He strolled across to the cupboard, evidently with the idea of filling in the period of uncertainty, helped himself to a couple of doughnuts and sat down on a corner of the table. "Can I offer you anything?" he said.

She did not answer. She went over and began to lay the fire.

"Oh! I say," he broke out. "Is —er—hasn't Mrs. Wentworth got a cook?"

"I am doing the cooking for a few days," said Juliana. "I am the housemaid." Then by a flash of inspiration she added. "The cook has went."

He devoted himself to his doughnuts after that until, the fire laid, she picked up the coal scuttle and started for the basement. "I'll get the coal for you," he said. He seized the bale of the scuttle but Juliana did not let go her side of it.

"I do not think Mrs. Wentworth would like it," she was too startled to say anything except the first thing that occurred to her.

"Why should she object?" he inquired ingenuously. "Surely I am better able to carry coal than a girl like you."

"But I am hired to do it," still clinging to her side of the pail.

He looked down at her hand. "But the point," he explained, "is that you should never have been hired to do it. The fault is in the economic condition that makes such a thing possible. Now, when we Socialists get into power—" he took the pail from her relaxed grasp and disappeared into the basement. "Anything else I can do?" he inquired cheerfully as he deposited the filled bucket beside the stove, "Part of our doctrine is to help a comrade, you know."

"That is all," very stiffly. "Thank you."

"Not at all," amiably. He looked at her an instant from the doorway and then went down the hall whistling softly to himself.

Mrs. Wentworth was beaming on her brother when Juliana carried in the breakfast, "and I'll have you all to myself this week, Kane," she said, before your work begins." Kane's reply was perhaps a little absent-minded. At any rate Juliana was not called upon for any further service and after breakfast Mrs. Wentworth came into the kitchen and said kindly, "You need not serve the table while you are doing the cooking, Julia. I'll attend to that myself." And later, Juliana hearing the lady of the house discoursing in tones reproving, argumentative, satirical, but always too subdued for the words to carry and the answering laughter from Mr. Kane Farnsworth, guessed that she was under discussion and went about her work with a growing wrath within her and a paragraph seething in her brain about self-respecting working girls being subjected to the surreptitious and patronizing attentions of supposedly well-bred young men. Not that she was able to discover anything either patronizing or surreptitious in Mr. Farnsworth's behavior. He came out into the kitchen during the afternoon cheerfully slamming various doors behind him so that all the world might know where he had gone.

"Paring potatoes for dinner, Julia?" he said with great good humor. "I will help you."

"It is quite unnecessary," returned Juliana looking very haughty in spite of the overpowering pompadour and the lace waist.

"Again you miss the point," he said. "It is not a question of necessity but of ethics. Here am I idling and you doing the work of two." He got a large apron and tied it carefully around his neck. Then he got a knife and seized a potato. "You understand Julia," he said unheeding the averted face and stony silence of his companion, "that all the work of the world could be done and well done if each person devoted four hours to it. Authorities differ somewhat as to the time but four hours is the maximum. Now you and I—"

Mrs. Wentworth entered. Her face was flushed and her eyes were bright. Juliana, to her great disgust, felt her own face flushing. Her eyes after the first glance she kept on her potato. Mr. Farnsworth spoke up cheerfully. "I was just explaining to Julia," said, "that if we all worked four hours a day—"

Mrs. Wentworth interrupted. Her voice was quiet but it was the quiet that is an achievement. "Are you thinking of choosing housework as your career?" she asked.

"Do the duty that lies nearest," he quoted, not without an accent of virtue. He finished the potato and selected another.

"I wanted you to help me hang some pictures in the library," said Mrs. Wentworth. Between fear of losing her cook and fear of losing her brother she was really a pathetic sight. Juliana felt stirrings of sympathy.

"In a few minutes," he said. "Having put my hand to the plow, in other words to the potato—"

"I would prefer to do the potatoes alone," said Juliana. "You pare them too thick."

He looked at her accusingly and selected two pieces of peeling from the pan. "Exhibit One," he said. "Peeling removed by Miss Julia—" paused inquiringly and getting no

answer repeated with a closing inflection, "by Miss Julia. Exhibit Two.—"

"Kane!" said his sister sharply. He gave her an innocent and inquiring smile.

"There is a great interest in paring potatoes," he observed. "Now notice the way in which Julia holds hers." Juliana, uncomfortably aware of her own lack of skill in the potato-paring line, grew scarlet under the two pairs of watching eyes. She knew how Mrs. Wentworth was interpreting the blush and breathed a sigh of rage and relief when Mr. Farnsworth finally drew his athletic figure to a standing position and followed his sister from the room.

"I find it difficult to get started on my articles" wrote Juliana in her note book the next evening. "I wonder if it is Socialism that makes Mr. Farnsworth haunt the kitchen. None of the Socialists that I met at the Settlement House were especially interested in cooking."

"No material for articles, yet," she added the next evening. "I know Mrs. Wentworth longs to be rid of me but she can't get a cook. I would leave her if she could, and go somewhere else. I must get my facts this week or I won't get home for Christmas. Mr. Farnsworth gets up and builds the kitchen fire. Wouldn't that make a fine item in an article on "Why servants won't stay?" I can't make him stop. Mrs. Wentworth is nearly wild, but she doesn't even know how to boil potatoes. She is from the States, a Southern girl, and absolutely helpless. My Domestic Science lessons come in most conveniently just now."

"Mrs. Wentworth had two pretty girls to dinner," she wrote the next night. "They are having music in the drawing room now. I found a book on Socialism just inside my door when I came up. I've been looking it over but it doesn't explain Mr. Farnsworth's building the kitchen fire. It hasn't the appearance of having been much read, either. A love poem by Heine dropped out of it."

"I really must go," wrote Juliana a day or two later, "even if the family starves to death. I'm not getting anything done; and in spite of all my efforts and Mrs. Wentworth's, Mr. Farnsworth continues calmly to spend the greater part of his time in the kitchen. She looked positively aghast to-day when she found him bringing up the coal. She will visit all the Intelligence offices to-morrow I am sure."

This proved a true prophecy. Kane Farnsworth sauntered into the kitchen in the middle of the forenoon to tell her about it. "She wanted me to go," he said, "but I compromised by taking the kid to that aristocratic day nursery he patronizes. I didn't feel equal to deciding from the looks of a lady whether she could cook." He sat on the corner of the table and watched Juliana moving about in her big blue apron with her sleeves rolled up and a patch of flour on her chin. She had not had time to achieve the pompadour that morning save in a modified form and her rather delicate beauty which was not strictly speaking beauty at all but the charm of a very fair skin and expressive eyes, was undisguised. She was getting ready to make a cake but with his eyes on her she found herself doing all sorts of irrelevant and unnecessary things. "You won't need that, will you?" he inquired helpfully as she lifted down the potato masher. "I wish," she said, turning to him, her eyes very dark and determined "that you would go away. I am not used to being watched at my work. I could do better—"

"You are doing well enough," he said soothingly. "Never forget that if everybody devoted four hours—"

"Have you done your four hours?" sharply.

He looked at her a little while before he answered, in fact he had rather the effect of being too absorbed in looking at her to speak. Then he said, "No, I am going to begin now."

"Then go and begin."

"But that is what I am here for." He looked after her as she turned indignantly away. "Why do you try to do everything at once?" he asked.

"Now if you would sit down here a minute and let me speak to you." He pulled a chair forward but Juliana instead of taking it seized the cake board and gazed at him angrily across it.

"I shall be greatly obliged if you will go away," she said. "You are simply hindering me. Your work in the kitchen doesn't amount to anything and I don't believe that your socialist doctrines prescribe any time spent trying to flirt with the cook."

"Oh! Julia! How crude!" he sighed his eyes dancing. Then he added softly. "I am not trying to flirt with the cook. He sat a minute longer watching the fluttering hands and the tip of a little red ear. Then he went across to where she was busily pretending to ignore him. "You think I am not in earnest," he said, "but I am. I should like very much to marry you, Julia, if you would have me."

Juliana dropped her spoon and the flour sifter and the egg beater, all of which she was holding without any idea of how she had intended to use them.

"Unless you go away I am going," she announced.

He stood looking at her, amusement, admiration and other things she did not stop to analyze, in his gaze. "You have much sweet unreasonableness, Julia," he said; and then with another look he went away.

"Christmas to-morrow," wrote Juliana a few days later, "and I am still here. I told Mrs. Wentworth that I must go and she unbent sufficiently to implore me to stay just over Christmas. Mr. Wentworth comes to-morrow He was delayed somewhere on business. Mr. Farnsworth spent the morning trying to make me tell where I live but I was firm. I intend that they shall never know."

Juliana had her morning undisturbed. Mrs. Wentworth succeeded in keeping her brother employed until she triumphantly landed him in the carriage to accompany her and his small nephew to the station. Juliana got her Christmas dinner ready to the last detail, taking the greatest pains. At least Mrs. Wentworth should realize what a cook she had lost. Then she ran up stairs to dress. She got out a tailored linen brought for an emergency and did her hair in the broad gold brown braids that in their simplicity added piquancy to the dainty charm of her face. Then she pulled it all down again and piled it up into the tremendous pompadour she had effected since going out to service, and she put away the handsome gown and donned one which, plentifully adorned with lace, had cost $3.98 ready made. She was going to play fair with Mrs. Wentworth. Even then she parted from her reflection in the new mirror with a smile. But when she ran noiselessly down stairs intent on the finishing touches, the carriage had returned and Mrs. Wentworth's door was ajar. Her voice came from it, a mingling of horror and tears. Evidently she was seeking the first opportunity to pour her woes into her husband's ears. "And do you know" she said, "he actually wants to marry her. Isn't it too awful! *He actually wants to marry her!*

Very scarlet were Juliana's cheeks when she reached the kitchen and very dark and angry her eyes. "I shall go immediately after dinner," she said, "and I'll never see any of them again, never, never, never!" She went into the dining room to see that everything was in order. The two pretty girls were crossing the hall and glanced in at her indifferently without speaking. They were beautifully dressed and had holly in their hair. They went into the drawing room.

"Oh, Mr. Farnsworth, do come and sing," she heard one of them say.

Redder grew Juliana's cheeks. She stood a moment. Then she started swiftly for the back stairs. There was a limit to human endurance. No one it seemed was able to read the real worth under a $3.98 exterior. She reached her room out of breath but determined. It was too late to don the linen dress but there was a simple and ravishingly becoming home gown of soft Indian red. In an incredibly

short time she was in it. Next the hair came down and went up again in an hurried but artistic mass. Then, Juliana, her eyes as brilliant as her cheeks, returned noiselessly to the kitchen just in time to hear the peremptory tinkle of Mrs. Wentworth's table bell. She seized the platter and with head held high pushed open the dining room door and entered.

For an instant she did not see the man at the foot of the table. For an instant he did not see her. Then he looked up and their eyes met. And into the soft babble of voices and laughter broke two cries.

"Juliana Favrille!" cried the master delightedly.

"Billy Wentworth!" cried the maid amazedly.

As in a dream, Juliana saw the dazed faces of Mrs. Wentworth and her guests. Then Billy had taken the platter from her, only to place it on the nearest chair, and was holding both her hands.

"I thought you were in England, Billy," she said helplessly.

"Just back," said Billy. "Didn't let any of my friends know. Wanted to surprise 'em. I've been five years away from this blessed country. Think of it. Told the firm I couldn't stand it another minute. Not but what England is all right in its place. I met Marion over there, you know. She was—By the way"—with a sudden great increase of astonishment—"how on earth did you and Marion become acquainted?"

Juliana dropped her eyes to hide their shamed hilarity. "We are not exactly acquaintances," she said. "I am—working here."

Mr. Wentworth's happy face fell. His troubled voice invited confidence. "My dear, dear Juliana," he said. "What has happened?"

Mr. Farnsworth arose from his place and came across to where they stood. "Don't worry, Billy," he said. "Miss Favrille has been masquerading. It's up to you to make her give her reasons."

Juliana avoided a glance in his direction. Her answer was to Billy. "It was for articles," she said, "magazine articles on the domestic Service Problem. I didn't know this was your house, Billy." But Billy had gone off into happy and continued laughter.

Mrs. Wentworth spoke, chagrin, resentment, and relief—she knew who the Favrilles were—mingling in her voice.

"Bring another chair, Kane," she said. If Miss Favrille—"

"Miss Favrille will serve the rest of this course," said Mr. Farnsworth. "Discipline must be maintained. I will help her." He opened the door and waited for her to pass out before him.

"Kane insisted she wasn't a servant," came Mrs. Wentworth's aggrieved, apologetic voice.

"So, she's the girl!" exploded Billy's jolly one. "Why, my dear, I wanted to marry her myself when she was eighteen."

Kane followed Juliana down the hall and closed the kitchen door behind them.

"Will you marry me, Juliana?", he said.

Juliana succeeded in freeing one hand and took a step in the direction of the stove.

"Not until after dinner," she said.

Saskatchewan's 1907 Crop

By F. Hedley Auld

Chief of Saskatchewan Bureau of Statistics

THE splendid yield of the grain crops in Saskatchewan in 1906, the favorable weather during the season, and the increase of agricultural population were factors that were expected to cause a substantial increase in the acreage sown to grain crops in the province in 1907 The weather was a very important factor in determining the area sown with the various crops in the present season Every person who has watched the progress of the Canadian West, knows that it, in common with nearly all other cereal producing countries, e perienced a season in which extraordinary weather conditions prevailed. The winter months of the present year were marked by unusually cold weather, attended with heavy falls of snow. The long drawn out spring that followed prevented the usual rapid disappearance of the snow, rendering it difficult in many parts of the province to begin active seeding operations until near the middle of May. More land had been prepared for grain crops than in any previous year; but owing to the lateness of the season many farmers deemed it inadvisable to continue sowing wheat beyond a date after which the growing period might be so short as to prevent the crop maturing properly

As a result of these conditions, the increase in the area sown with wheat as compared with former years was less than it otherwise would have been Our estimate, however, shows that the acreage of wheat sown in 1907 exceeded that of 1906 by slightly more than 6.76 per cent. One result of the late season is seen in the large increase in the acreage sown with the coarser grains. In the case of oats it has been found that the acreage is more than 20 per cent. greater than that of last year. A considerable portion of the grain crop, particularly that sown last was intended for feed, to be cut green for feeding in the sheaf

The weather throughout Western Canada, and, indeed, all over the American continent, was admitted to be highly unfavorable to the successful development of the crops during the greater part of the growing period In the south-eastern portion of Saskatchewan, scant precipitation occurred during July, and the crops suffered considerably in consequence The threatened drouth was not the only disturbing characteristic from the agriculturalists' point of view, for hailstorms of varying intensity occurred; and the result is told very expressively in the low average yield of the crops in those areas

Along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and over the major portion of the cultivated areas where the crop was not so far advanced at the beginning of July as is usually the case, frequent heavy rains threatened to prolong unduly the growth of vegetation, instead of allowing it to mature at the usual date The weather continued cold and moist, and eminently suited to vegetation, and as a result of this, the crops in many districts failed to overcome entirely the handicap of the late spring

In some parts of the province the precipitation was more nearly normal, allowing the crops to mature earlier than in the country adjacent to the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway or in that tributary to the Pheasant Hills and the Yorkton branches of the railway. The latter districts demonstrated the ability of the soil to produce a luxuriant growth of vegetation, but the excessive precipitation during August, when warm weather usually prevails, delayed the process of maturity. Frosts unfor-

tunately occurred before the grain was harvested, and the crop was to a greater or less extent damaged

In the districts in which the precipitation was more moderate, almost the usual proportion of wheat of contract grade was harvested; cutting was begun earlier and the quality of grain was better.

The experience of this season, following a number of "fat" years, may have caused apprehension in some quarters. A reference to the conditions that the Canadian West has had to face may, therefore, be opportune

In earlier years, when the production of grain was confined to a limited area there was a more or less constant danger of a serious failure of crop Owing to the fact that settlement was not very widely distributed the soil presented comparatively uniform features Modern methods of cultivation had not been extensively adopted The restricted settlement and the uniformity of conditions, therefore, increased the liability of a general visitation of any of the destructive influences feared by the farmer in pioneer days.

Conditions of the present day are different in many respects from those even of a few years ago. Agricultural operations have been extended to many new districts, the area of the districts now partly under cultivation being 73 171,780 acres It is evident that in this large expanse of country including almost all of the province south of township fifty-five, there is much less likely to be a general failure of the crop The varied character of the soil, the improved methods of cultivation, the scattered areas of tilled land, and the complexity of weather conditions peculiar to such a large territory—all tend to reduce to a minimum the probability of anything like a general failure of the crop. In other words, the occurrence of a crop season unfavorable to the whole province is very improbable Certain districts this year produced crops almost, if not quite, as good as an ordinary year. Others have a soil that produces such a luxuriance of growth that maturity is correspondingly retarded. These districts, in ordinary years, however, have demonstrated their ability to produce and mature heavy crops of superior quality. These very soils have proven to be the most productive in years when the precipitation was less than normal

The following is an estimate of the season's crop carefully compiled from the reports of a large staff of correspondents.—

Grain	Crop area acres	Total Yield bushels	Yield per acre
Wheat . . .	1 847 708	28 042,108	15 17
Oats	772 770	29,167 964	37 74
Barley . .	60 261	1 903 072	30 08
Flax, . .	85 209	921 043	10 81

Special efforts were made to secure the fullest information respecting the several stages of its development A large number of the councillors of local improvement districts rendered valuable service in reporting weather conditions affecting the districts that they represent. In addition to this, special reports were received from a large number of threshermen As a special report was asked for about the time when threshing was begun in many districts our correspondents were enabled to base their information upon the actual results of threshing, which makes our figures as nearly correct as it is possible to obtain them until full threshing returns have been received

A great deal of uncertainty has prevailed concerning the quality of the wheat crop, and in order to be in a position to represent a definite statement in regard thereto special pains were taken to secure all possible data concerning this matter, the results of which justify the following statement of the probable grading of the wheat crop of the province:—

Nos 1, 2, and 3 Northern	10 392,657
Nos. 4 and 5	7 941,594
No 6 and feed	9,707 855
	28 042 106

By reference to the above figures it will be noted that the aggregate value of the season's crops, should present values continue to prevail, will come up well to that of last season.

But, unfortunately, this season's output is unevenly distributed among our farmers, many of whom have had the best results in twenty years experience, while others have had the worst. When all the exceptional disabilities of the past growing season are taken into consideration, the aggregate results cannot be taken otherwise than as most flattering to the splendid productiveness of our soil and the courage and resourcefulness of our people It is worthy of note that not only is the oat crop the largest in the record of the province, but the average yield per acre has been exceeded in only two years since crop figures were first compiled by the department in 1898 During the same period the yield per acre of barley has only once been greater than this report announces for 1907

The great demand that exists for these grains and the handsome prices that they now command combine to make a profitable return to the farmer who has a surplus for sale. The experience of the present year tends to demonstrate the wisdom of sowing a goodly proportion of the crop area with these grains. In a year when the wheat crop matures successfully, the growth of these grains does not appear to be such a necessity, but in a season like the past one, and, indeed, in any year they are found to be very profitable, and the farmer who engages in mixed agriculture, even in the matter of grain growing will, in the majority of seasons, net as large a cash return as that received by farmers who engage exclusively in wheat growing.

The following is a comparative statement showing the area and production of grain crops in Saskatchewan for the years from 1898 to 1907:—

Year	Crop area acres	Total yield bushels	Yield per acre
	1,847,708	28,012,106	7
	1,730,586		
		15,121,014	
		13,110,430	
		11,956,069	
	428,459	6,088,508	
	276,253	4,780,440	

Year	Crop area acre	Total yield	Y[illegible] acre
1907	772,779		
1902			
		1,89[illegible]11	
			10 81
		710,689	9 35
		598,399	15 73
		166,434	16 45
		[illegible]	9 02
	16,694	153,709	9 80

The average yield of the wheat crop of this season, while not so large as that of other years, is, nevertheless a creditable showing when compared with the records of other large wheat-growing countries

The following is a comparative statement of the average yield of wheat per acre for the years from 1901 to 1907:—

	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907
Saskatchewan	25 41	12 67	19 4	17 51	23 09	21 40	15 18
Kansas	18 5	10 4	14 1	12 4	13 9	15 1	—
Minnesota	12 7	13 3	13 1	12 8	13 3	10 9	—
North Dakota	13 1	15 9	12 7	11 8	14 0	13 6	—
South Dakota	12 9	12 3	15 8	9 6	13 7	13 4	
Nebraska	17 1	20 9	15 7	14 6	16 4	22 0	
Iowa	16 2	12 7	12 4	11 6	14 2	15 7	—
United States	15 0	14 5	12 9	12 5	14 5	15 5	—

The foregoing table shows that even in this admittedly unfavorable season the yield is equal to, or even better than that of the best wheat growing States of the American Union The figures, with the exception of those for Saskatchewan, are taken from the 1906 Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The Little Bird and the Blacksmith

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," "Frontier Stories," etc

QU'APPELLE Lake and the beautiful valley of the Qu'Appelle have long been famed in unwritten song and story. The weird tales told in the winter tepees have come down from generation to generation until the whole region round is wrapped in mystery and shrouded in a sort of poetic glamour

I say these tales are told in the winter tepee because no intelligent Cree or Saultaux would waste his time telling tales in summer when he should be hunting or working. To be sure an Indian did sit one summer time to tell a tale, but Wes-a-ka-chock sent a big lizard and it hit the idle story teller and since that day no man has ventured to spin yarns when the lizards are out

The very name Qu'Appelle, suggests the sad, sweet story of the lost lover

A young brave had fallen in battle but his sweetheart would not believe him dead. She set out to find him, so the legend runs, and after travelling for days and nights over the trackless wild, came to the shore of Qu'Appelle Lake, though, as you shall see, at that time unknown and unnamed

She sat down to rest where the lisping waves lapped the silent shore. Presently she cried aloud to Wes-a-ka chock and when no answer came she called the name of her lost lover. Her cry reached the buried bluffs on the other shore and back over the sleepy lake came the faint echo of her own wild cry, and she, answering the echo, which she did not understand, cried again and again, "Qu'Appelle—Qu'Appelle"—"who calls, who calls?"

And then, taking new courage she pressed on and on calling and answering her own call, until the night swallowed her and she was seen no more. When the Pathfinders came, setting their stakes along the brow of the bluff and skirting the lake, men said the days of romance were over and all the songs and stories would pass from the memory of men, for the Indians who kept them alive would pass. And yet, out of the rush and confusion of a builders' camp came one of the prettiest "nature" stories heard for many a day.

The country along the Qu'Appelle River is rough and rolling, for a prairie country, necessitating some heavy cuts and fills, if the Grand Trunk Pacific was to keep to its avowed plan for a line practically level from Ocean to Ocean.

In one deep cut the contractors arranged to work all winter, and although last winter was one of the severest ever experienced in this country, not one day was lost here in Saskatchewan. The one cozy corner, if we except the office of the Superintendent, was the blacksmith shop. Here abode by day a little Indian boy and a bird.

On sunny days, when the shop door was open, the little bird would come and go at will. These were the constant and only companions of the sturdy smith—the Cree boy and the little bird naturally he grew very fond of them and the trio made up a happy family. When the boy and the blacksmith ate their midday meal the little bird would fly down and dine with them, and so became quite tame. The winter dragged drearily, and when the April moon—the moon of mating—came the lake was still sleeping in its shroud of snow Now the little bird's mate came, shy first and never quite confident. He would not feed with the big man and the little boy as his mate did, preferring

the hay shed for rendezvous and to take his meals at the regular boarding tent

As the days grew brighter and the sun came north, the little bird began to look about for a building place. By right the snow and ice should have been gone, the trees budding and the hills green, yet winter lingered and the little bird could not build in the naked, shivering trees. The little boy left hints for her on shelves and rafters but she left his handful of hay and would not follow his suggestions

As the days lengthened she spent more time abroad, and finally they missed her altogether. The big blacksmith said nothing but watched the little Cree, as he went about hunting and hunting for his little feathered friend One day the Cree came bounding into the shop, his dark face beaming with childish delight. The blacksmith watched him smiling, for he knew the boy had found the bird. Slowly the faint smile faded, for the light had gone from the little brown face. After sweeping every nook and corner of the shop with his hungry eyes the little fellow, whose father had been half French, shook his head slowly and said, "Pas ici!" "Pas ici!" not here, not here, and he went out slowly to renew his search. The following day the performance was repeated, this time the boy was so absolutely certain that he had seen the little bird fly in through a knot hole that he held the hopeful smile for a long while. He would search the room, then stop, and listen, then search and search again. At last he gave it up, saying sadly as he had said before, "Pas ici! Pas ici!" and went away

The blacksmith had missed his tiny companion very much but now his chief concern was the boy. His behaviour was so strange that he called the attention of the camp doctor to the Cree, and although the doctor declared him sane, the blacksmith was convinced that the little boy had grieved until his childish mind had become unbalanced. One day he ventured to suggest that this thing the boy had seen was only a "spirit bird," maybe the shade of Wes-a-ka-chock and that their little friend had fallen into the hands of a weasel, but the boy would shake his head and answer with a volley of "No no's," and try to find the place where the bird came in.

At the end of the week the boy had grown gaunt and hollow-eyed. By now he began to doubt his own reason Maybe there was no bird, but only the spirit of the bird came now. And yet he would not give up the search. The blacksmith had become thoughtful and silent. What with the loss of the little feathered friend and the doubtful condition of the Cree, he was greatly distressed

The coming of the boy was now a fixed event. At a certain hour, almost to the minute, he would rush in and look for the spirit bird One day as the blacksmith fixed his fire, he felt the touch of the little boy's hand. He followed and the boy led him to the door and out. Following the boy's suggestion he knelt down and almost immediately the little bird was seen flying from the boarding tent, where she had been dining with her mate, to the shop. As usual she disappeared through a knot hole. Now the boy darted to the door, followed by the blacksmith At the entrance, the only entrance—they paused and looked but in vain for the bird, "You see" said the boy, "she came in, she no come out, she no here—voila!"

The blacksmith was perplexed It was all very well to call it a spirit bird, but he had seen for himself He went out and counted the boards, came in and counted from the corner. An old woolen jacket, hanging on a nail, hid the knot hole. He took the jacket down. There was the hole, but where was the bird? "Ici! ici!" cried the boy, pointing to a pocket that had been directly over the hole in the wall, and from the pocket peeped the pretty head of the bird patiently setting on a nest of eggs

Very carefully the blacksmith replaced the jacket and went back to the bellows; the boy to his play

Already the story of the "spirit bird" had reached the rough men of the camp, and when Johnson th

husky, heard that the mystery had been solved he went up to see for himself.

Knowing now that she had been discovered, that her secret had been found out, the little bird came back to her friends. As if to make amends, she was more confiding than ever And so, when the big contractor came to the door, he found the Indian boy seated on the dirt floor crooning a Cree song and weaving willows into a basket, a very excited dickey bird flitting aloft calling loudly to his mate who sat upon the smith's shoulder, perfectly contented, while a golden shower of sparks rained over the blacksmith and the little bird

The Fatherhood of John Bedford

By Mae Harris Anson

FOR forty of his sixty years, John Bedford had held consistently to his creed, "Not only live and let live, but help along." Not a week had passed in those forty years but he had given royally to some demand upon his time, his sympathy or his purse, and never once had he questioned that this was the better way. To-night, however, in his hour of greatest need, he doubted if it had been worth while to live according to his ideals, and harbored a keen regret that he had not long ago chosen a road that led to a golden goal. His best working days were over. He had hardly a dollar in the world above his salary—and now, when his wife's life hung upon her removal to a more kindly climate, when money alone could answer his need, of what avail was the knowledge of his consistent, sturdy helpfulness through all those forty years?

Sunk in thought he hardly heard the voices of the passers-by calling to one another; and clear and soft the chimes of Christmas Eve. Nor did he heed the opening of the outer door and a light, quick footstep down the hall. Suddenly the door of the room opened and a woman entered. She stopped short at sight of the forlorn figure before the fire.

"Uncle John," she said softly.

John Bedford roused himself with a start. He looked once, twice, at his unannounced visitor, and then with a murmured apology, turned the shade so that the lamplight fell full upon her face. The woman smiled

"You don't remember me, do you Uncle John?" she said. "You haven't seen me in fifteen years, and I've grown up in that time—and—and—I suppose you could not be expected to remember all the forlorn creatures who have tasted of your kindness. You remember when you lived on Trainor Avenue?" John Bedford nodded, and a gleam of recollection came into his eyes.

"Are you—you're not—is it possible that you are little Molly Prescott?" he asked uncertainly. Quick tears sprang to the woman's eyes

"'Little Molly Prescott'!" she repeated. "Oh, Uncle John, it's been so long since anyone has used that tone to me. I wish—could you pretend I am 'little Molly Prescott' just for half an hour, and let me tell you my troubles as I did when I was ten?"

Mechanically, John Bedford drew a second chair before the fire. He was trying to piece together very indefinite and fragmentary recollections of the past that contained the girl-chrysalis of the woman before him.

"I wasn't an orphan," Miss Prescott began, with a note of bitterness in her

voice. "But I might just as well have been for all the real fathering I had. You know what my father was. An able, upright man, respected by his fellowmen — but without an atom of genuine fatherhood about him." John Bedford stirred uneasily, and half lifted his hand in protest.

"Oh, I know what you think," Miss Prescott said in response. "You are so overflowing with the milk of human kindness that you cannot bear to have an unpleasant truth voiced of anyone. But I must talk my whole heart out to you to-night. It means my salvation!" she burst out with a sudden passion that startled John Bedford with its suggestion of tragedy. "In those old days on Trainor Avenue, my greatest heartache came from seeing the comradeship between you—and—" she hesitated for a moment and then added more softly, "between you and—Agnes."

A spasm crossed John Bedford's worn face, and one slender hand went up quickly to shade it from the glow of the lamp. The loss of his daughter Agnes, who even in her babyhood had claimed him as her closest chum and confidant, had been one of the unforgettable sorrows of his life.

"Agnes always used to wait for you at the gate. Many a time I knew her to leave her play and go on watch in the hope that you might come sooner than was your wont. And you always brought her some little gift. Better still, you listened patiently and lovingly and understandingly to her tale of the days' trials and tribulations and happiness. My father seldom spoke to me. He never took me anywhere with him. He bought me whatever seemed necessary for my comfort but the one thing which I craved with all my heart—a tender, sympathetic fatherhood—he never opened to me. Often I sat at our gate as Agnes waited for you, and then crept away with tears blinding my eyes at sight of your welcome and the two of you coming happily home. And then one day, you seemed to see my loneliness."

"Agnes opened my eyes," John Bedford said unsteadily.

"And from that hour, you gave me of your fatherhood and made the first unalloyed happiness of my life. Do you remember one circus time, Uncle John, when Agnes told you that Willie Russell and I could not go to the circus because our fathers said they were too busy to take us? And then you burdened yourself with two wildly ecstatic children, just because it seemed so small a thing for you to do to give us so great a pleasure. Then, do you remember that heart-breaking moment, when at the very height of our delight we came face to face with our 'busy' fathers, enjoying the circus alone?"

"Poor chicks! Poor chicks!" said John Bedford under his breath.

"Child as I was, I saw the truth that moment," she went on after a short pause. "And while I never failed in the respect due to my father, it was you, you, Uncle John, to whom my heart turned for fathering. I began to watch for you with Agnes. She ran to meet you with no greater eagerness than did I. If a little treat came out of your pocket first for her, another speedily came out for me. When you took Agnes anywhere for an outing, it became a foregone conclusion that I should go, too. And when, at last, we moved away, the parting was as bitter to me as if it had been at the grave. That was fifteen years ago, Uncle John, and although I never have seen you since, I have always remembered your fatherhood and your ideals."

After a moment's silence, which Miss Prescott did not seem inclined to break John Bedford turned toward her and said gently,

"All this is of the past. What is it in the present that has made you seek the fathering of 'Uncle John'?"

Miss Prescott rose abruptly and walked a few steps across the room, then turning, came back and leaned upon the back of John Bedford's chair so that he could not see her face.

"It is harder to tell you than I thought," she said. "Oh, Uncle John! Uncle John!" she cried. "You are the only person I can trust now. And if you misunderstand, I shall be lost."

"There, child, there," said John

Bedford soothingly, reaching up for one of her trembling hands, and laying his cheek upon it. "You can't be hopelessly entangled, no matter how serious the trouble may be, if only you will take courage and face it without flinching."

With a half sob, she laid her cheek upon the gray head and spoke, hardly above her breath, but her voice was quiet and steady

"Will you trust me if I tell you that I have done no wrong," she said "and that it is not shame but temptation I am fleeing from?"

His grasp of her hand was his answer. She broke down then.

"Say you will go with me," she begged. "You and Mrs. Bedford, somewhere abroad — Italy — Egypt — anywhere so that it is far away. There is no question of means. The money my father left me has been invested where it has more than doubled. Oh, won't you let me be your daughter, Uncle John, and stay with you always? You are the only real father that I ever knew and I need you so."

John Bedford sat silent for a little while, his thoughts going back over the past and forward into the future Presently the girl slipped to her knees beside him. He turned then and laid his hand on her bent head, the tears unheeded coursing down his cheeks

If I have failed in all else" he said, "surely this one harvest of a kindly deed sufficeth We have found each other in our hour of greatest need little Mollie. Wherever you wish we will go and so long as life lasts be sure Uncle John will hold you in his heart."

And clear and soft the chimes of Christmas Eve came to them both

Sleep

By Katherine Trent

SWEET sleep, ah, come to me!
And banish all my care,
Smooth thy fingers softly
O'er my eyes and lips and hair.

Let thy poppy-fragrant breath
Lull my soul to rest,
And gathered in thine arms I'll feel
Whatever is is best.

Life will not so grey appear,
Gentle dreams will come and go,
And violet scented, fair, rose-colored,
Thoughts I'll hardly know.

Then welcome sleep, sweet hypnotist!
Come hold me strong and firm,
And for a space in thy embrace
New happiness I'll learn.

A Paternal Corporation

By E. Cora Hind.

Paper 5

Developing the Great Collieries of Western Canada

In a certain set of red-backed school readers, famous throughout the Province of Ontario some forty years ago, there was one article that never failed to interest the class that had it in hand to study and that was "The Coal Fields of Nova Scotia." Probably not five per cent of the students who read and were fascinated by it, can remember the name of the man who wrote it, but whoever he was, he had the rare gift of putting plain facts in a form as attractive as the most romantic fiction to the eager mind of childhood, and every one of the many thousand children who passed through the schools of Ontario and used those readers, had an intelligent idea of this great scource of wealth and comfort down in the Province by the Atlantic sea.

Educational methods have progressed (?) very much since that remote period, and the schoolmarm and master of to-day speak with scorn of those old readers,—"they were too advanced, too dry, children could not understand the subjects written [illegible] and so in the Canadian West you may look in vain in the school literature for any information on the subject of the Coal Fields of the Canadian West." Yet even statistical reports, of mining bureaus on this subject, are sufficiently interesting to catch and hold the attention of a child.

Not many of the grown-ups really know much about the coal supply of the West and that is why, when a series of labor troubles in the coal mines, followed by an unusually long, cold winter, made the fuel supply short at certain points last winter, a number of timid souls rushed into print and talked of there being no adequate fuel supply in the "treeless West," and thereby furnished much food for laughter to the better informed and much food for unpleasant remarks by those who delight in nothing so much as the belittling of a country too big and too resourceful for their small minds to comprehend.

The simple truth is, that nowhere on God's earth today is there a country with such an unlimited fuel supply, and that fuel of so high a quality and so well distributed. The Almighty never makes mistakes, and when he unrolled a country big enough, and with soil rich enough, to support a population of millions and still have wheat to spare for other lands, He underlaid that country with a fuel supply that will last one thousand years at least. Even the Dominion Government geological survey section, admits that as yet they are only guessing at the extent of many of the coal deposits. Still a sufficient number are known, classified and being worked to supply the country for the next hundred years to come, even should the increase of population be double that of the most sanguine real-estate prophet

In passing it might be remarked that the West is not "treeless," but will burn coal and save her vast timber forest to the north and in British Columbia for lumber. Cord wood is naturally the first fuel of the new settler, when forests are anywhere in his vicinity, but the greater economy and comfort of coal, and the ease

with which it can be obtained will make it the popular fuel of the future.

Travelling westward from Lake Superior, the first coal deposits that have been exploited to any extent are those of the lignites on the plains, showing the first outcropping in the valley of the Souris River. The Roche Percee Mines are situated in Southwestern Manitoba. The seam is eight feet thick, outcropping on the bank of the Souris River, and has been worked longer than any other collieries in the Canadian West, east of the Rocky Mountains. They are well equipped mines with air compressors, at present have a capacity of six hundred tons daily and are kept working to their full capacity. There are some small seams along the Turtle Mountain, but these have not yet been developed except in a tentative way to supply local needs

Estevan Mines are in that section of the Souris district lying further west in the eastern part of Saskatchewan. Near Estevan, three seams are noted that extend over a great part of the district and afford a practically inexhaustible supply. The upper seam is four feet thick, the middle one varies in places reaching a depth of six feet, and the lower seam and the best coal is much divided by partings of clay This coal burns with a clear yellow ash, throws out a great heat and is now quite generally used for steaming. Seams of this same coal are found also in many parts of North Saskatchewan as well; though up to the present, none of them have been worked, except by farmers living in the immediate neighborhood and getting out a load of coal as they need it

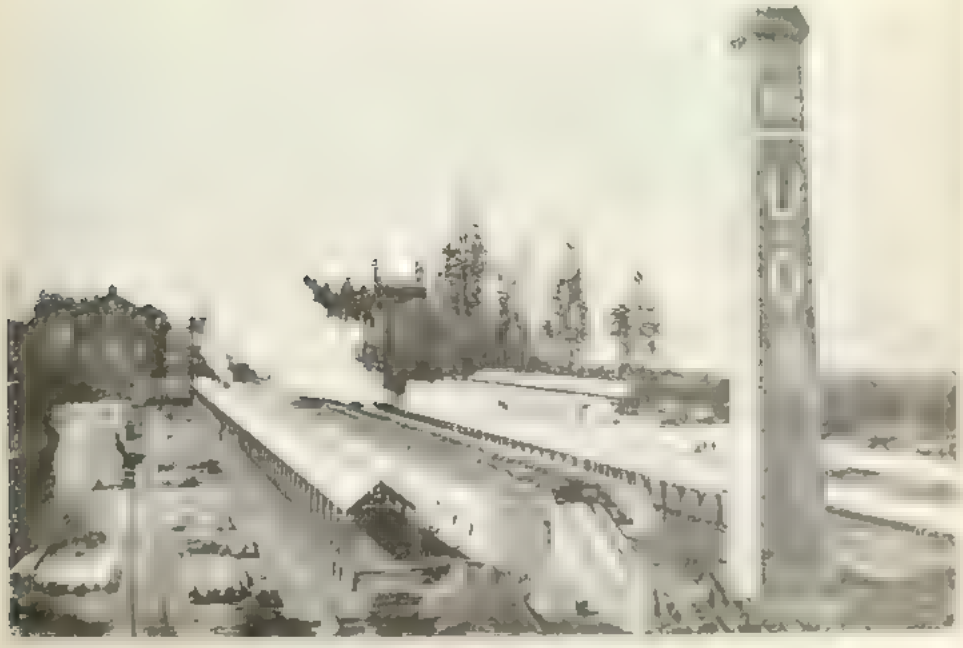
In Alberta are the Belly River coal fields which extend northward as far as Red Deer and southward to the boundary and cover a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The chief collieries in this country are those at Lethbridge, where what is known to commerce as Galt coal, is mined. The seam worked here is five and a half feet thick. The mine is fitted in modern style, has a capacity of one thousand tons per day, and at present is running pretty well to the capacity

The coal is very superior to the Estevan, burns clean, without soot or dirt of any kind and is very popular fuel, particularly with housewives All over Northern Alberta and more particularly around Edmonton, there is a common saying that "Every man has a coal mine in his well" as so frequently in well boring a smaller or larger seam of coal is passed through by the borer before water is reached, while along the banks of rivers, and more especially the Saskatchewan, seams of coal are everywhere to be seen. All through the Athabasca and Peace River country coal is reported, of good quality and in abundance. These references account briefly for the lignite coal deposit. Next come the bituminous and semi-anthracite coal of the foot hills, the Rocky Mountains, and Vancouver Island

Anthracite or semi-anthracite seams are found on the Canadian Pacific Railroad main line, ninety miles west of Calgary, at Canmore and Anthracite and this district from which coal was first taken in 1886 has a total area of sixty miles, with seams running from three to ten feet in thickness The coal is not so hard as the American anthracite, but is a splendid fuel coal and much valued for domestic furnaces The original mine at Anthracite has been abandoned, but the development has increased at Canmore and Bankhead, which is only three miles from Banff

The Pennsylvania of the Canadian West, however, is in the Crows Nest Pass. The coal of this region is bituminous and not only that, but the best of its kind west of the Alleghany Mountains, and it is of splendid coking quality.

It is nearly thirty years since the first reports of these coal fields began to filter through geological survey reports into the ordinary news of the day. As far as can be ascertained the first authentic data came, as [illegible] ployee of the Hudson's Bay Company



Mr. Michael Phillipps If this legend is not absolutely true it has the saving grace of being appropriate, which is more than can be said of many legends

Though rumors and reports of these coal fields continued to multiply, and Dr. Selwyn writing of the district roughly estimated the coal underlying each square mile at 50,000,000 tons, it was not until 1887 that anyone got down to development work, when William Fernie, of Fort Steele, and Colonel Baker, the member of the Legislature for that district, began prospecting in what was then known as the Elk River District A syndicate was formed in Victoria to acquire and work these coal lands, later a company was formed to take over the syndicate and a charter was secured for the British Columbia Southern Railway. For ten long years these men prospected, wrote and talked up these coal fields, but it was not until the agreement was signed for the building of the Crows Nest Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway that fruition was in sight. The Crows Nest Pass Coal Company was the outcome, with a capital stock of $3,500,000, the last million of stock being issued six years ago at a premium of 150 per cent. In the ten years that have elapsed since 1897, enormous development has gone on in these fields When the railway reached the first colliery on Coal Creek in 1898 there were 8000 tons of coal on the dumps ready for shipment. Last year the output from this region was nearly 1,000 000 tons for sale as coal—coal sufficient to maintain over 1500 coking ovens and operate them

The importance of these coal fields and coking ovens to the many industries and the smelters of British Columbia can hardly be estimated, but an idea may be gathered from the fact that prior to the opening of these fields, coal and coke from Vancouver laid down at Nelson cost $10 and $11 respectively and from the Crows Nest, Nelson gets her supplies at $5 and $6 per ton, or a reduction of nearly fifty per cent

The Crows Nest fields comprise 230 square miles and are roughly estimated to be capable of producing 22,595,200,000 tons of 2240 lbs. each

To these supplies must be added all that would ultimately come from Green Hills and other sections that are only just being thoroughly examined and classified. Lastly comes the Coast and Vancouver Island coal fields, and thus the sketch is truly scriptural, and the first are last, for coal was mined at Fort Rupert on Vancouver Island as early as 1835, and the present mines at Nanaimo were opened in 1851

Here again the early work was done by the Hudson's Bay Company Small quantities of this coal, which is a high grade bituminous coal, go to China and Japan. There is a constantly increasing local consumption for domestic and industrial purposes, and last year the C P R used 130,000 tons of this coal, but Vancouver Island's big customer for coal is her neighbor to the south the State of California. The production of the mines for five years was 6 029,947 tons, and of this amount California bought 3 527,699 tons The bulk of this coal goes by water and the Nanaimo collieries possess the unique distinction of a Mine Head so constructed that it is possible to load direct from the mine into the vessels, something that was never previously attempted in any part of the world

It will be seen from these scattered notes that the Canadian West is "well fended" in the matter of fuel supply and while the coal fields of the great plains are so situated that their product is easily distributed to the homes of the West, those of the Rocky Mountains are equally well placed for the distribution of coal and coke to the great mining and smelting industries of the Pacific Province

Another point of interest is that all the great collieries now in operation are on the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is one of the best customers, for of the 1,500,000 tons of soft coal used on its system last year,

·00 000 came from the United States o Fort William. 130 000 tons from Vancouver Island, 98 000 tons from ...more and the remainder from the Crows Nest Pass. This is what they consumed on their own system, and they are in addition the greatest "common carriers" of coal in the Canadian West

In the year 1906 there was prolonged trouble in the coal mine and the usual supply was not accumulated at points of distribution. Cars lay idle while labor and capital fought with little regard as to whether or not the West wheat, once the mines were running There was shortage of cars and it was hard on many farmers not to have their wheat moved, but what would have been the suffering of the West but for that firm and persistent hauling of coal, once it was ready, no one can estimate. There was coal shortage as it was, but there were when the final round up was made, no real disasters for want of fuel. At present the Canadian Pacific Railway have 2500 cars hauling coal in the west, and this year the stocks have been accumulating all season, as they should be,

CROWS NEST PASS OPENS IN OPERATIC

was warm the following winter, and William Whyte, officially second Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific and personally a general providence to the West, watched with growing anxiety the waning year. Just as he feared, the strike was prolonged until harvest and the crop movement was on in the West

Then William Whyte showed the stuff of which he was made, no bullying from elevator companies or farmers organizations would induce him to take a coal car out of service for and at the same time 11 000 cars are hauling wheat. Thus does the "paternal corporation" see to the movement and distribution of food and fuel in the Canadian West

In the case of the Crows Nest Pass Coal mines, they have, in addition to the C. P R., the outlet of the Great Northern to the south, and any surplus of coal or coke over and above Canadian requirements, finds a ready market at the smelters in Montana and the homes and industries of Washington Territory

A Bargain in Buffaloes

I HAVE [illegible] ninety-eight buffaloes (mommiotus) [illegible] provided with spiked poles and dragged out of seventeen Northern Pacific common stock cars. I have been told that the freight charges [illegible] shipment from Ravalli, Montana [illegible] Alberta and entered the [illegible] of the Happy Hunting Grounds. Do you think of freight charges on living buffalo? Buffalo bought and sold like a flock of sheep—the pity of it! There is no poetry or romance about the cold hard fact that Canada has just become the owner of the largest herd of bison in the world. (By the way, you may call them bison or buffalo, which you please. Out West we generally call them buffalo.)

This bargain sale came about thus. I suppose most people have heard of Allard's herd in the Flathead country in Montana. I think it was in 1892 or '93 that I saw some of this band on the Flathead reservation; it was a far cry then to the stock cars and the fenced corral in Canada. Allard started his herd in the early '80's, and increased it by breeding and purchase to over one hundred. In '93, he bought the herd belonging to Bat Lo[illegible]Jones in Kansas. This herd consisted of pure bloods and half breeds, the result of cross breeding of bison and cattle. This cross breeding was found to be impracticable as the cattle proved to be a menace with all the poor qualities and few of the good points of his ancestors. The pure-bred bison were separated from the mongrels and placed on a range near the Big Bitte close to where Mud Creek empties into the Pend d'Oreille River. Here the [illegible] herds and required but little

After the death of Allard his partner Michel Pablo, began to sell the herd a few at a time to eastern zoological [illegible] and private preserves. In the [illegible] about one hundred and fifty head were disposed of chiefly through the agency of Howard Eaton, the well-known hunter and expert of Wolf[illegible].

When it was proposed to throw open the Flathead reservation for settlement, Michel Pablo saw that the range for his buffalo was doomed and that it would be impossible for him to keep his herd intact. Mr. Eaton made earnest attempts to bring about a s[illegible]

A Bargain in Buffaloes

o the United States Government, but is efforts failed The same ill succes et his attempts to interest the American Bison Association in the matter. Then the offer of the Canadian Government was accepted and the noble herd of some five hundred head was sold for about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars

Mr Howard Douglas the Superintendent of Banff National Park, was sent by the Canadian Government to Montana to oversee the round-up and embarkation and to accompany the train load to Canada. The round-up was started in the middle of April and lasted six weeks The animals had been herded enough on the reservation to become familiar with mounted men, but even then, buffalo punching is not an easy job. Twenty-two Mexican and Indian cowboys worked on the round-up, each man changing his horse three or four times a day. The drive down the Mission Valley to the railway was accomplished without much difficulty but when the loading corrals were reached the punchers had a lively time Gradually very gradually the bison were worked into the corrals which were made as strong as possible. Experience showed that this was very necessary for some years ago the first buffalo that were driven to Ravalli for loading walked through the high enclosure fence, although it had been built for rough cattle

Another Exit on the Run

Once in the main pen, the animals were cut out, one by one, and driven into the loading pen. From this pen a shute led up to the car door, and on the running board of the shute was stationed a cowboy whose business it was to rope the beast which was then dragged and variously persuaded to enter the car, where it was tied by the head, and a strong partition like a giant hurdle, was fastened to separate it from its neighbors. Hay and water were provided in the cars. Some of the yearlings and two-year-olds were placed in cars without partitions The cows were handled by themselves and, as a general rule gave less trouble than the bulls though they were far from being farmyard pets The calves gave no trouble as they stayed close to their mothers

If you want to get some idea of the difficulty of loading buffalo into stock cars listen to what a man who knows says about the job. "Take the most ornery range steer that ever stood on hoofs multiply his meanness by 10 his stubbornness by 15, his strength by 10, his endurance by 50 and then add the product From this if you know anything about "ornery" range steers, you will realize that the man who handles buffalo leads the strenuous life

During the loading, one bull injured himself that he had to be killed but with this exception everything went smoothly if slowly The first day's work resulted in sixteen buffalo being loaded, and it took four days to entrain sixty head, the majority having to be hauled into their places with block and tackle The train left Ravalli on the 29th of May, and good time was made At Calgary one car containing ten bulls was sent on to Banff and a car from that place with seven of the Banff bulls was attached to the train which proceeded to Elk Park where the buffalo will make their home

Elk Park, Island Lake Park, Assiniboia Lake Park, is

called, has been recently made a Government Game and Fishing Reserve. It is situated twelve miles east of the little town of Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta. Fort Saskatchewan is on the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway, some 18 miles east of the City of Edmonton. All around Fort Saskatchewan lie some of the most fertile lands in Canada, and the town itself is quite a veteran among the towns of the West having been for many years the headquarters of "G" Division of the Royal North West Mounted Police. The town takes its name from being situated on the south bank of the Saskatchewan River. The present site of the Park has long been the favorite haunt of large numbers of elk and other big game to say nothing of the quantities and varieties of wild fowl to be found on the lake—a lake three miles long and more than a mile wide, containing many pike and other coarse fish.

Chiefly through the efforts of Frank Walker, member of the Provincial Legislature for this district, the Canadian Government has set aside a track of land four miles wide (which includes the lake) for a Government Game Reserve. During the past winter this has been fenced with sixteen miles of wire fencing, eight feet high with a strand of barbed wire nine inches above this, with sturdy posts set one rod apart. The entrance is at the Fort Saskatchewan end of the Park, and here the Park Ranger will have his house. From Fort Saskatchewan to the Park an excellent road is being built and the old police post is likely to become a resort for tourists.

As the Canadian Northern Railway runs within three miles of the Park the Bison were not unloaded at Fort Saskatchewan but at a place called Lamont.

At Lamont, elaborate preparation had been made to receive them. Pens of unusual height and strength had been built leading into an oval shaped corral, 350 feet long by 150 feet wide, strongly fenced with posts two rods apart, and woven wire eight feet high. At the south end of the corral were bars to a lane 150 feet high, similarly fenced, which ran for three miles to the Park. A small party of the ever efficient R N W M P. were on hand, camped close by under the command of Major Strickland and did excellent work in keeping the people back from the fences. Some two or three hundred people were on hand to see the unloading of the buffalo—a typical western crowd. And when you say "western crowd" you come pretty near saying a cosmopolitan crowd—all sorts and conditions of men, men who have seen things and men who have done things, tenderfeet and old timers.

At 10.15 a.m., on the 1st of June, the buffalo train arrived at Lamont. Throughout the previous night it had rained heavily, and the morning was cold and cloudy. Also the mud at Lamont was rich, juicy and clinging. All of which things had a somewhat depressing effect upon the spectator of a scene which was certainly novel and unique. Nor was there anything inspiriting in the sight of the stock cars filled with bison, tired and penned.

The eye of the buffalo is full of depression and sullen, slumbering fire. It was easy to imagine what the old bulls were thinking of the profane vulgar who crowded round the cars. Among the bulls was "King," a veteran, said to have been with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show that toured the world.

Horses had been provided for Major Pablo and his five cowpunchers who were with him on the train. A touch of picturesqueness was given to the comparatively tame nature of the affair by the goat skin "chaps," silver spurs and typical cowboy regalia. It was a matter of regret that their horses were disappointingly docile, for their easy seat and "abandoned" style of riding would have been seen to great advantage on "bad" horses.

The actual business of unloading was hard and tedious work. Eight bulls were in the first car and it took two hours to unload. Some of the buffalo came out easily, but the majority had to be roped and hauled out by main force, men on the roof of the car and at the sides prodding them with long poles. Once inside the wire corral the animals paid little attention to the crowd and began to eat the new grass or the hay which was spread for them. They were very thirsty and drank greedily from the troughs, coming within three feet of the spectators

HERD IN CORRAL JUST AFTER BEING UNLOADED

A few cows and bulls charged the corral fence, but to the disappointment of themselves (and some of the people present) failed to break through. From the photos it will be seen that the buffalo were in fairly good condition, although the fact that they had not finished shedding their winter coats gave them a ragged appearance. The calves looked particularly well and were full of life, bounding about the corral with a gait that reminded one of a coyote, antelope and barnyard calf combined. The mature bison has a most deceptive gait, sometimes described as being clumsy-looking, but in reality a delightfully easy trotting lope which gets over the ground quickly.

A striking feature in connection with the work of unloading was the almost complete silence of the bison. All the prodding and hauling, all the inane remarks of the champion idiots who always come to the front in such a crowd, provoked no sound from the buffalo. Certainly they kicked with their hindfeet and hammered with their horns in a heartfelt manner, but there was no vain bellowing or [illegible] dignity and self respect.

By Saturday night one hundred and twenty-five buffalo were in the corral, and in view of possible danger of a stampede they were allowed to wander down the lane towards the Park, accompanied by Pablo and some of his men on horseback.

Unloading started again at 4 on Sunday morning, and by noon the job was finished. It was a repetition of the previous day's performance, the last bull to be taken out however creating a welcome diversion [illegible]

charging one of the cowboys. After dinner the animals were driven down the lane to the Park by Michel Pablo and his men, assisted by Mr. E. Simmons, the Park Ranger and others.

Some of the bulls objected to being hustled, and one old chap provided the spectators with a few moments of healthy enjoyment when he turned and charged the scattering horsemen.

At the entrance to the Park the leading bunch broke through the fence and ran westward out on the Prairie. The riders went after them and with some difficulty rounded them up and brought them back, the country being very rough with scrub willow and poplars. The runaways were brought back just as the main herd reached the Park. These also made a dash at the break in the fence with the result that the whole herd had to be rounded up out of the timber and driven into the Park. One calf strayed away by himself but was brought back by Pablo's r
the call of a buffalo cow.

With the delivery of the herd at the Park the first part of Pablo's contract was ended. The rest of the herd, amounting to nearly three hundred head, will be shipped in August when the cows that are now calving will be able to stand the journey. One bison cow died on the trip, and her calf is being brought up on domestic cow's milk by W. Alton, a Lamont farmer. This calf is shown in the small photograph.

Frank Walker, the sportsman member of the Provincial Legislature of Alberta, is to be congratulated on getting the buffalo for Buffalo Saskatchewan Park, and even if some of the beasts succeed in escaping from the limits, they will be an attraction to bring in the people to that part of the West. At the present time of writing I hear that one old cow and her calf have escaped, and that three cars-full are at large among the peaceful and unsuspecting settlers of the town of Lamont. But I am afraid they will soon again be placed behind the wire fence.

Canada is bound to take good care of her bargain in buffalo.

The Brook

By Dorothy Green

A DOZEN [illegible]
Now sharply frets against a shingly bar
Loses itself in placid pools or dares
A fall yet ever seeks the ocean far
So runs the friendship that we make or mar
Now lit with laughter, now in minor key,
[illegible]
Or quickened tide presaging days to be:
But [illegible]

The Father of Innisfree

By John V. Borne

WHY, in Oklahoma this would be calm day," he said

And straightway the wind lifted the Panama from my head and blew it over the roof of the stopping place.

It was at Del Norte, in Alberta, two years ago; Del Norte has vanished; the [illegible] In their stead is the town of Innisfree and the railway station, a flying snap of which adorns this writing.

Innisfree is good. The station is [illegible] But Del Norte was [illegible] Old Man [illegible] He is still somewhere around He did not christen Innisfree, but he begot it The naming belongs to a more opulent mood though it could not come from a more generous heart. It was on this

[illegible] the East we had come to the end of steel the night before and that train was [illegible] Peace River Athabasca. There we found a construction camp set in a solitude that was like the solitude of a petrified sea of majestic groundswells Farther we could not go, except by team Daylight saw us watching the rails being laid, as we sat in the rigs that were to take us to Edmonton, a hundred and forty miles west. Before the mail was sunned out of the air—for it was the penultimate day of August—we had become a quick moving, four-horse procession that was a microcosm of the Old West and the New West; of the Old World and the New World. We was to make eighty-four miles in the next fourteen hours. So ancient were we, and so modern, that history could not repeat itself along that trail. It was the first and last journey of its kind

I have been over the ground several times since then, and have seen the towns that were not then on the map and, behold it is very good But two years ago the charm of virginity lay across the whole land. We were unconsciously celebrating the latest retreats of ox-cart pioneering. We were heralds of the new era of steam and steel. If we promoted the obsequies of the old style we thought nothing of it For, verily, in the railroad, just behind us death was being swallowed up in victory

We scared the ducks from the sloughs and surprised a couple of homestead camps at breakfast. From bushes of wild roses the horses splashed the cooling dew I had not been so far a-prairie for half a generation and stopped to pick a dozen blooms in sheer delight at being where I was

My driver was skilled and veteraned in the art and lore of bridge building in the mountains and upon the plains He told me of snow slides and wheat-shades enough. But he was not prodigal of words; and if he became humorous he knew it not Weller was his name After about an hour's travel as we crossed a broad, smooth meadow, he said "Vermilion," and inconsequentially waved his hand

"I don't see it" I replied turning to look at the eastward sky

"The town ain't in the air" said Weller

"I don't see any town, either," said I

"I do," observed Weller. "But it ain't here yet"

Well but —"

"See ahead there," interrupted this puzzling man. "Mr MacLeod has stopped, and he's showing it to the President with his whip."

"Showing what?"

Showing the town—Vermilion 'Tain't there yet; but it's going to be, soon."

"When?"

"In about three weeks the town'll be a-going I'd buy a lot there if I was you."

MacLeod the engineer, who had, halted his horses until the President and the Banker came up to him went on almost as soon as he had stopped, and I had to depend on Weller for ideas of what Vermilion was going to be He was accustomed to seeing towns unloaded from box cars and discussed their birth and growth with the *sang froid* of a county midwife I ought to have photographed the isolated plain with the prophetic Weller in the midst of it, but didn't. Last spring I tried to make up for the omission. But I had to mount a box car to do it and in the foreground were two charming Irish ladies, taking a momentary vacation from their private car, and a street of business houses that have made a thriving mart where silence latterly reigned.

There was a tent where Manville is and that was all except illimitable landscape, a sinuous black trail, and occasional contact with the railway dump till we came at noon to Del Norte, thirty-eight miles from the day's starting point. Except when MacLeod was wiggling his whip over the site of Vermilion, none of us had stopped. The going was excellent—except in wet weather prairie roads are always good—and the horses were natives, to whom a mile is merely a passing glimpse, and forty miles a reasonable morning's exercise.

Del Norte was set among congenial hills, and visible only three minutes before we drew reign Nearby was a lake mirroring the intense blue of a peerless sky, and fringed by verdant bush and pasture. Four buildings stood at a respectable distance from each other. One was a frame store, another was a log post-office and general emporium, the third was just a shack, and the fourth the Hotel Del Norte (the name is mine)—one corner of which was within four feet of the dump

[illegible] brown paper tapestry for the interior doors and windows to match—and you have a stopping-place that made up in hospitality what it lacked in architecture The place is stamped on other grateful memories besides mine We enjoy the venerable host even time the memorable drive is mentioned.

The Old Man was unhitching the President's team when Weller and I drove up He was watching the President and his companion with an inquisitive eye, discovering his way round the team with the other hand from an uncommonly active mouth was distributing inquiries about the distant steel-laying; directions about watering and stabling; and information about the road to Edmonton teams cared for, we went inside, to gude wife neither as venerable nor as loquacious as her spouse, and the comely daughters were preparing to subdue a brigade of formidable appetite

Their head told us who they were but could not tell them who we were He was obviously hungering and thirsting to know The representative of the Old West, whom I shall name prosaically for a waggish generous, kindly gentleman, whispered to me that the Old Man must suppose the President to be in the shadow of an Exalted Personage and suggested that we intensify the illusion and enjoy ourselves on the proceeds. But the Old Man's curiosity faded before his own eloquence; and while we ate, he told us all things that ever he did

"I came here from Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma. Kentucky was my first home. I rented a farm in Iowa and rented in Oklahoma. Land got to be that terrible dear that a poor man can't afford to buy, and if he does he's working himself to death for it

other feller, and ain't got any home of his own at the end of the game Besides, though the land away down there is good—they get such terrible droughts that you never know whether there's going to be any crop at all, and when the crops are growing the wind's blowing so hard you can't hear yourself speak. We tried seven years of it—Pass your plates, men, there's plenty to eat if it ain't as good as you get with the King."

The Old Man winked at the Old West, and nodded knowingly toward the President behind whom he stood, as much as to say "now we're getting pretty close to them."

"The girls cook pretty well, don't they? They've been to high school and the agricultural college, and ain't forgot how to do things, though they do read a lot of books 'See that shelf there full of 'em'

The girls blushed. They would rather their parent's pride in their learning had run to quietudes. He made them blush again

"There's going to be a good openin, for girls in this country, I guess. Well, as I was saying we didn't get very far ahead away down there My son-in-law went clear across Texas into Mexico, and all he got for it was some pretty tough experience, and the name we've given this place He was pretty near drowned in the Rio Grande Del Norte river, and was so blamed glad to get away that he's kep' up the name for a kind of memorial of a good deliverance"

"Well, we heard about this country, and free land and all that Mother said she reckoned it was pretty near frost and snow all the year, over the whole of Canada, but I tell you the grain they showed us was pretty tempting, and me and the son-in-law come up here to see it This is the country for us; and I wish we'd seen it sooner."

"Edmonton's a pretty good place, you'll find, men, when you get there. They told us to come east from there. We drove three weeks along where the line was staked out and decided to start up a little town here. My farm is north a little piece; and, say, you'd ought to see the wheat I've cut this week and only on spring breaking too In a few years we ought to be independent; and if you men come along then we can feed you and sleep you for nothing, and be mighty glad to do it You get more angels unawares that way than by keepin' a regular stoppin place. You ain't through, are you? Well, I guess we can talk outside Come and see the buffalo skulls and deer horns we've picked up around here"

We went. It was blowing a stiff gale of wind; at which, being British, I grumbled, and held to my hat The Old Man rebuked and encouraged me

"This would be a calm day in Oklahoma," he said, convinced that he spoke acceptable truth

Over the hotel went the hat and I around the building after it without thanking Providence I had escaped from the moving calm of Oklahoma to revel in the motionless peace of Alberta.

The Banker and I climbed the hill Overnight we had been suggesting names to MacLeod for towns of which the railway was pregnant. The Banker had proposed "Maidstone" where his mother went to school in England, and "Innisfree," his summer place on Lake Simcoe. As we looked over the rolling, park-like country, saw Birch Lake to the southwestward and watched the Oklahoma transplant with the pretty lake in its rear, the Banker said "Here is where Innisfree ought to be"

And sure enough, there's where it is for a discreet Government put Del Norte out of existence.

The Old West had been to the store pricing much buying little. He emerged with a five cent scribbling pad—the best in stock. While we waited for refreshed teams he used his fountain pen to some effect on the scribbler -

"Visitor's Register.

Del Norte Stopping Place

August 30th, 1905

1. Wm. Mackenzie, President Canadian Northern Railway

2. Byron E Walker, General Mana

ger Canadian Bank of Commerce
3. C C. Chipman, Commissioner, Hudson's Bay Co., Winnipeg
4. M H MacLeod, Chief Engineer, Canadian Northern Railway
5. Howard Kennedy, *The Times*, London, England
6. John V. Borne."

The Old West took the Old Man into the house and showed him the book and its names.

"Gosh!" said he; "quite a souvenir, ain't it. Do you know who I thought you all was? It seemed to me you must be the Governor General's party on the road to this here Provincial inauguration at Edmonton, and I was figuring the girls had been cooking for a real lord. Well, sir, that's a corker. Which is the President?"

"And which are you?"

The Commissioner pointed to my name, and said he had started the book because writing was in his line.

"Then" said the Old Man, indicating me, "that other one must be that Hudson's Bay man?"

"That's what he is," solemnly said the Commissioner.

"Pretty big job, that, ain't it? A fellow was here night before last telling about that company. He said they have Indians working for them from one ocean to another, and run stores through all this prairie country. Is that right?"

"Quite right."

"And you say the fellow that's hauling himself into that democrat runs the whole shooting match?"

"That's what I said."

"Well sir, he don't look it, blamed if he does."

And the Commissioner smiled and said "Good day."

The Last Night of Louis Riel

By Dorothy Green

THE silver moon sails on, sails on,
The night is waxing old
And still about the shadowy pines,
The stars shine clear and cold.

A restless wind goes up and down
With eager, tapping hand;
The cocks proclaim each passing hour
Throughout the sleeping land.

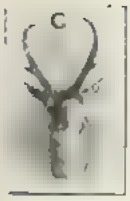
The last great stars grow pale, grow pale.
Beside the sinking moon;
Low in the east the darkness lifts—
The end is coming soon.

The morning sun is blazing gold;
It beats across my cell.
My night is spent, my hour is come—
Oh, world of God, farewell!

By Hill and Dale in Manitoba

On the Deer Tracks

By R. W. Dunlop



CERTAIN portions of Manitoba are the natural homes of deer. This is primarily due to the topography of the province. Beginning at the north-west corner, we have the bunch of sprawling hills known as the Duck Mountains. These are drained on their southern slope by the Valley river which empties into Lake Dauphin. Beyond this lake on the eastern side is a level, lonely, forested tract of country extending to Lake Winnipegosis. Moose grow here without seeing a whiteman.

South of the Duck Mountains "The Gap" yawns and stretches away to the western slope down to the Assiniboine River in the Kamsack country. South of this gap rises the timbered and marshy shoulder of the Riding Mountains. These mountains are a series of roughly parallel hills varying from twenty to forty miles in width. Between the hills are wooded plateaus and boggy marshes. The whole system is heavily timbered with spruce, hemlock, birch, poplar and balm-of-Gilead. The undergrowth consists of willow, hazel, cherry, cranberry and other small bushes. The marshes are drained by several streams running southward. This is a paradise for the moose and deer hunter. All along the Riding Mountains, on both sides; up around the Duck Mountains; and through the woods between Lake Dauphin and Winnipegosis, are found moose and deer in abundance—some seasons even in profusion. Black tail and jumping deer are plentiful along the Assiniboine and the Bird-Tail as well as the Little Saskatchewan.

In the late spring or early summer the sojourner in these deer parks wanders out on the hills some sunny day. The magic of the world possesses him. At his feet the crocuses raise their tiny faces. Along the edge of the wood the wild rose beckons, saying "I have a thorn, but I am worth it." The honeysuckle clambers towards him on a slender stem, holding out her sweet enticements. The stirring hum of the energetic bee warns him to be up and doing for life is short. "Ah, so short!" he seems to say as he escapes in disgust from the honeyless bell of the tiger lily and hums away to the yellow cowslip.

Below him along the top edge of a deep ravine runs a heavy belt of woods starred with the lacey white of cherry and saskatoon in blossom, sweeping down the slope to the edge of the daisy-speckled meadow and ending at the margin of the winding silver river. Beyond the river, through the smoky haze of the sweet spring air, rise giant steps of seventy feet each that only Atlas could have strridden. As the spectator gazes, he suddenly becomes aware that many giants have been making the attempt these hundred years past. On the first step a huge balm-of-Gilead is resting before he attempts the second stride. On the second step the great poplars shiver and nod together, hesitant, retrospective, shrinking from the third rise where very few have ever attained. Even those who stand against the sky are grown bent and withered with climbing giants no longer, finding the goal not worth the pain of effort. Gnarled and twisted, they shake their old heads at the watcher. "Stop your bubble-

chasing," they seem to say. "Can't you see that they burst in your hand?"

Beside him a hawk screams and drops from her tree, suddenly spreading her sails and soars into the blue gulf. Before she reaches the old giants on the other side, she turns her course a few points, and rises in a triumphant and awful spiral up, up, until she becomes a motionless speck on the blue dome of heaven. A little woolly sheep of a cloud passes before her tiny dot, and the gazer returns to earth, draws a long breath, and realizes what an infinitesimal dot man is, after all.

The sun is dropping westward, flooding the valley with a clean amber light, and mirroring the world in the little river. Through the opalescent glow the watcher sees three dark spots moving leisurely down to the margin,—a buck and two does. Carefully and swiftly the watcher slips through the cover and secrets himself close to the river, opposite the approaching deer. The buck comes first, turning his crown of horns from side to side. The does follow timidly and trustfully. They drink from the river standing knee-deep, and raising their heads to listen occasionally. Their thirst slaked, the does turn to the grass, but the buck plunges into the water and breasts the current, making straight for the excited and admiring watcher. Half-way across, he decides that his does are not going to follow, and turns back. Something moves in the bushes The buck snorts and bounds The does leap after him, and they vanish noislessly among the woods.

The man who beholds this mentally promises himself a deer hunt in the season. If he is a novice, he tells himself that there is no difficulty in finding deer, or in getting close to them. If he is experienced, he formulates no rash conclusions, for he is painfully familiar with the established litany of the hunter, that "it's queer what you'll see when you haven't any gun," and he knows that he might tramp many weary miles on deer tracks without getting a glimpse of hoof or horn. The man who goes after deer should have a good constitution and plenty of patience. He will often find both severely strained.

The deer season in Manitoba is from December first to fifteenth, inclusive The marshes are frozen, the streams solid, the weather is nippy. Powdery snow is about six inches deep. Moose and elk are now in order. A hunting party is formed. It may include the preacher and the gambler, the artist and the day-laborer, the school-teacher and the village soak, but deer hunting levels all ranks and creeds, and they all find a common ground in the sport. Equipment consists of a team of ponies and a long sleigh, tent; provisions and cooking-kit; rifles and ammunition; oats for the ponies; and personal duffel. Extras vary with the personnel of the party; a jug, a deck of cards, a roll of five-dollar bills, etc., sometimes supposed to add a classic finish to the party.

After a drive of ten, twenty or thirty miles, the chosen spot is reached in the twilight. Little patches of light struggle up among the dark spruces There is a pale afterglow in the western sky, clear-blown and gray elsewhere. The moon rises in sudden glory, and the party crawls out from the warm robes to make camp. The ponies are tied to the sleigh, blanketed, fed and bedded down with spruce boughs. The cheery blaze of a bonfire and the tiny heat of a cook-fire thaw the chilled fingers of the boys. The tent is pitched. Supper steams from the big black camp-kettle. You have a home in the wilderness

In the tent are spread the spruce-fan beds, with the camp blankets over the them. Never was a bed so delicious! The pungent odor of spruce fills your nostrils. The soft soughing of the pines about the tent lulls you to sleep. The munching of the horses outside gives you a feeling of placid contentment. Just as you are dropping off you hear a loud, inquiring "Who-who-who-oo?" Your involuntary start is succeeded by a smile, and you drop back among your blankets. It's a big old owl, wrathful at your invasion of his private preserves. Instantly it is morning.

Somehow you are always quite

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

willing to get up in the woods where at home you turn over with infinite weariness of spirit for another nap until the sun is high and the first freshness of the morning gone. The whole party are quickly at work, some making a fire, for it is crackling cold; some looking after the horses and getting breakfast, some sizing up the country with a mind to the day's hunting. At breakfast plans are discussed. Two men will go together up the course of the creek, two others will strike into the hilly ground and make a wide detour back to the creek, two will skirmish zigzag near the camp. All agree to return to camp by sundown unless detained by following blood on the tracks of a wounded and expiring deer, in which case the hunter will stick to the trail.

Putting a lunch in their pockets the parties start off, the forest seekers crossing a knoll and dropping out of sight of camp in a hundred yards. Cautiously they follow the edge of the open glades in silence and careful feet for even a slight sound carries far in the frosty air, and the crack of a twig can be heard for a hundred yards. The moose has keen ears and the broad, concave surface of the horns catches sounds with remarkable quickness. Mile after mile the hunters plod on, up and down hills, through heavy scrub, across frozen sloughs, until it is noontime, and not a sign has been seen. The men kick away the snow, build a fire, and sit down for an hour's rest, lunch and smoke. At last they rise, stretch the stiffness from their joints and start away with a hope for better luck.

They are rewarded. Presently through the frost covered bushes comes a snort of alarm, a crash a rustle and all is silent. They push forward. In a little gully is printed the impression of a moose's long forking foot in a thousand places. On the far side are three sets of tracks leading away in long jumps. It is useless to follow them. But the hunters size up the situation. The hills curve in to left and right and are clad of trees at both extremities. The moose will probably climb to the edge of the open, take a careful routing of the dangerous area, skirt the [illegible] and come back to the starting point approaching carefully from the rear. They will creep to the bush and get on the windward side of the game. So the hunters retrace their steps, retreating for half a mile, then swing away to the right edging far away to windward and at last come to a halt, now all ears and eyes, hoping to meet the animal head on or discover their tracks as they follow. Half a mile away the mad rush of the moose approaching over the brow of a knoll, or ten yards off, may bowl over a squaw upon the trail. In the case, they fire at the crowded hocks and if they are lucky, the great beasts plunge headforemost into the snow.

The hunters plunge forward across the snow happy, content, puffing perspiring flushed. All shake hands with each other and compliment each other. Then fill their pipes. The long walk back to camp has no terrors. Silently they account, but magnetically they announce their success triumphantly they bring back the long sleigh for the carcass and jubilantly the whole camp eats moose steak roasted in butter and served smoking hot when the hail is piled over the great forest.

They have conquered the king of the forest.

Hunting Moose

Courtesy Con. Nor. Ry.

nd it is more important that a person should take pains of the thousandth degree about his conduct, than he should speak with the tongues of men and angels
—*Virginibus Puerisque*

vanity, and personal aspiration, he goes through fire unshielded. —*Memories and Portraits*

traditions of mankind. —*AE's Triplex*

truth is it that a hint taken, a look understood conveys the gist of long and delicate Explanations, and where the life is known even "yea" and "nay" become luminous
—*Truth of Intercourse*

be about it while we are still young

of science I do not set the same store by them as by certain I was playing truant. —*An Apology for Idlers.*

as age approaches; the true wisdom is to be always seasonable —*Virginibus Puerisque.*

emarkable turning point in each career is every Christmas Day
—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

and dartings of black dogs upon the snow, the unearthly harpings of the wind along the moors. —*Pastoral*

be the gainer; to forget one's self is to be happy.
—*Memories and Portraits.*

wo people who share a cell in the B[illegible] or are thrown together on an uninhabited isle, if they do not immediately fall to fisticuffs will find some possible ground of compromise —*A Preface.*

to [illegible] comes at midnight to [illegible] country. —*Crabbed Age and Youth*

for [illegible] and kept it bright and delicate. —*Virginibus Puerisque.*

elements that build us. I surely carry about with me some fibres of my minister—grandfather.
—*Memories and Portraits.*

For my own part I mistify the encouragement of [illegible] than tearfulness in children. —*An Apology for Idlers*

Reasonable it is to believe the world is quite right in most ways, but you have to be kicked about a little to convince you of the fact. —*Crabbed Age and Youth*

Our affections and beliefs are wiser than [illegible] in us is better than we can understand. —*A Dedication*

Men who fish, botanize, work with the turning lathe or collect sea-weeds, will make admirable husbands; and a little amateur water-color shows an innocent mind —*Virginibus Puerisque.*

Come, let us be honest over it: there is only one difference between a long life and a good dinner—in the dinner the sweets come last. —*Will o' the Mill*

A bird will sing in the thicket, and there you may fall into a moment kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. —*An Apology for Idlers*

No human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time, which makes me suspect we hear too much of it in literature. —*Memories and Portraits*

And what can be more encouraging than to find the friend who was welcome at one age, still welcome at another! —*Preface.*

Beautifully while others are filling their memories with a number of words, your truant may learn some really useful art, to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, to speak with ease to all kinds of men. —*An Apology for Idlers.*

And even though times change and opinions vary, this world appears a gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse-exercise, and bracing, manly virtues. —*Preface.*

Whatever keeps a man in the front garden, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness. —*Virginibus Puerisque.*

Everyone knows that it is not over the virtuous and [illegible] tea party novel that people are absolved into high resolutions. —*The English Admirals.*

Still stands that old and very true saying that [illegible] highroad to success. —*A College Magazine*

Then, young or old, we are all on our last cruise. If there be a fill of tobacco among the crew, for God's sake pass it round, and let us have a pipe before we go! —*Crabbed Age and Youth*

The English Settlers

By F W. Hunt

CANADA is a land of vast areas and long distances; a land of wide sweeping plains and immense forests; of towering mountains and echoing canons; of mighty, rushing rivers and broad lakes; a land where icebergs glisten, and yet where flowers and fruits of the tropics grow and flourish; a land of many climates, a land of strangely deflected isothermal lines. Bigness is the prevailing atmosphere of Canada. Particularly is it the prevailing atmosphere of Western Canada. Just as a room without furniture or inmates has an exaggerated aspect of space, so Western Canada in the absence of the large cities and dense settlements, of the railroads and public highways of older settled countries, has an exaggerated aspect of vastness.

To the average English immigrant these conditions are entirely new. The great distances to be overcome, the long, tiresome journeys, the scarceness of people—to all these things he has to get accustomed. If the immigrant be a young man, there are strong probabilities that he has previously absorbed large quantities of literature on the subject of wild western adventure and has come west with the intention of distinguishing himself in that particular line of activity. Accordingly, he no sooner reaches his destination than he out-fits himself with a broad-brimmed cow-boy's hat, a buckskin coat, a pair of riding boots and spurs. Thus arrayed after his own conception of a rough-riding cowboy he fares forth in search of adventure, much to the amusement of the real cattlemen who seldom trouble to don the picturesque garb with which romance usually clothes them.

It is, however, rather with that larger class of English immigrants who come seeking homes that I wish to deal in this article. I shall not be wide of the mark if I say that people born and reared in England find it more difficult to adjust themselves to Canadian frontier conditions than immigrants of almost any other nationality. The American and the Canadian are born of the atmosphere of western things, and adapt themselves quite readily to the conditions of pioneer life. Even immigrants from Europe do not as a rule find much difficulty in adapting themselves to Canadian environment. The Russian and German settlers build their large log houses with thatched roofs, and with more or less success follow much the same mode of life that they did in the old countries. Scandinavians, too, fit themselves very readily into western conditions, but to the Englishman there is little enough in common between life and its requirements and that to which he was accustomed in England. Here in the west he finds only raw material. Here is the virgin prairie and here is the timber. He must take these elements in their native state and evolve therefrom an improved, cultivated farm and a home. The average Englishman, fresh from the land of shopkeepers, has never done any thing of this kind—indeed has probably never seen it done. Little wonder then that he undertakes the task with rather more than the ordinary awkwardness of the foreigner, and, as a result, suffers much inconvenience and many unnecessary hardships. After all it is really the want of the western kind of life-experience rather than want of adaptability and versatility that makes the beginning

in Western Canada harder for the English settler than for those of other nationalities.

And here is another way in which want of experience in western life sometimes brings grief to the Englishman. I will not say that as a nation the English are particularly gullible. Indeed history tends to establish the contrary. But, nevertheless, it is true that the English immigrant upon reaching the west and entering upon the business of purchasing the necessary equipment with which to go on his homestead, is frequently fleeced—so frequently, in fact, that to be an Englishman is to be marked as a victim by cunning and dishonest natives who have worthless horses, cattle and implements for sale. Just why the English immigrant should be more easily gulled than the Russian, the German, the Swede or the American, I may not venture to say with authority. Privately, after a dozen years' observation, three reasons occur to me. First, his inexperience in western matters renders him incompetent to deal logically with the propositions presented to him. Secondly, he generally possesses an excessive credulity which leads him to believe things which the more suspicious European would pause to question. Thirdly, he is frequently unwilling to believe that an illiterate and inferior native could deceive him if he tried.

Two or three years ago a colony of English settlers came to Western Canada to settle in what was then the district of Saskatchewan. The locality in which they purposed settling was about 200 miles distant from the nearest railway, which distance it was necessary for them to travel by wagon. At the station where they left the train were dealers in supplies and implements, horses and oxen, waiting, vulture-like, for their prey. In this case the prey was all that could have been anticipated. Having but a vague idea of what they needed, and knowing nothing of the value of the commodities offered them, these immigrants purchased broken-down horses and oxen at prices quite double that which should have been paid for sound young animals. Implements, many of which could be of no possible use to them, were also acquired at extravagant prices. To illustrate the readiness with which some of them became dupes: one of the immigrants, wishing to buy a cow, approached a halfbreed who had one for sale. "Is she not old?" he inquired innocently, "I notice she has marks on her horns."

"O no," he was assured, "Those marks were made by a rope."

"But," persisted the intending purchaser, "I see she has no teeth."

"Ah, that is because she is young," unblushingly replied the native. The cow was purchased at a ridiculously high price but her advanced years prevented her living through the following winter. Yet, at last accounts, no one had succeeded in convincing the purchaser that he had been swindled.

The Canadian Government gives a quarter section of land containing 160 acres to every settler who makes certain improvements, and lives thereon for a term of three years. To the average English homeseeker who has been accustomed to farms of five, ten, or even forty acres, to the agriculturist who all his life has been merely a farm laborer for hire, or, at best, a renter of ground in the above varying plots, 160 acres—an estate half a mile square—seems large indeed. To be the proud owner of such an estate is the one potent, albeit perfectly commendable, ambition which urges many of England's sons who have long vegetated within narrow and crowded spaces to break away from their environments and seek the wider fields of the West.

The conversion of the virgin soils into cultivable land is an experience with which but few of the English settlers are familiar. Hence they are not always able to judge as to the future possibilities of their prospective homesteads. Hence, also, many curious and, sometimes, absurd notions guide them in the selection of raw material for future farms. One will

select a broken, ridgy piece of ground because of its beautiful scenery and ideal building sites. Another is actuated in his choice by the abundance of splendid stones which he expects to use in building a wall around his fields, or, perhaps amidst a wilderness of scrub timber there is a spring or brook of running water. Still others find the satisfaction of owning an estate sufficient, and without as much as a look at the location hie them away to the land office and make entry for a homestead Such ill advised random selection often results in the homesteader becoming owner of a farm from which he can with difficulty wrest a living. The more thoughtful ones make their selections with a view to future wheat fields and for such there is the sure reward of independence with which the West crowns persistent and intelligent effort.

In the matter of erecting suitable buildings the English settler again meets with difficulties. The Scandinavian, the Russian and the German peasants bring with them the method of building from raw materials which have served their fathers for many generations in their own countries. Every peasant of them is, in some measure, a builder, and the commodious, substantial log buildings they erect are eminently suitable for the purposes of the pioneer settler in the Canadian West. Not so with the English settler For, though, as a specimen of intellectually developed man, he is—that is, the average of him—superior to any of the above mentioned classes, there are strong probabilities that he knows less about dove-tailing the corners of a log house than the average Russian peasant knows about Shakespeare. Hence, if he undertakes to do his own building in his own way, he is likely to have a home which is neither graceful to look upon nor comfortable to live in.

Farming, too, as carried on in the West has its problems for the new settler from England. Even the English agriculturist requires two or three years to get into perfect touch with western methods Not that western methods are superior to, or would not be the better for being tinctured somewhat by those of the English. But Western farming is different. Work is carried on on a larger scale. There is more haste and—the corollary must be added—more waste. Here one man, with the aid of gang-ploughs and other labor-saving devices, often farms as much as 100 and 150 acres of land without hired help except during harvest and threshing seasons. Then, too, there is the difference in machinery, the difference in climate and the difference in soils. With all these new conditions to face the Englishman who comes to Western Canada exuberant with confidence that he will, from the start, astonish the natives with his brilliant success—and may I be pardoned if I mention that not a few do come here in some such state of mind—is apt to be, at least partially and temporarily, disappointed.

From the foregoing paragraphs some may conclude either that Western Canada is not the place for English people, or that the English are not the people for Western Canada. Nothing of the sort. The West needs the Englishman and the Englishman needs the West. It is true that it sometimes requires untoward experiences, even utter failure and hardship, to induce him to look outside of himself for ideas; that he is inclined to hesitate and falter over the necessity of adopting the methods and cautions of ignorant natives of the West or the plodding yokels of Europe, but once he has learned to learn he makes rapid strides in adaptation and his bull-dog perseverance carries him far on the road to success

And the Englishwoman, give her but little time to get over the first pang of lonesomeness and seeming barrenness, the change from friends and society, afternoon teas and kindred pleasures to the little log house no larger than the kitchen at home and with neighbors in some cases five and even ten miles distant and she too adapts herself to the pioneer life and goes to work to make the best of it. She indulges in no useless fretting

when the husband must make the long trip to town for supplies, often being away three days or a week and leaving her alone to care of the little ones. Nor does she go into hysterics when the blood-curdling chorus of the coyotes arouses the sleeping echoes in the still nights. Not she. She keeps the little shack as neat as such a dwelling may be kept, dabbles in poultry raising, butter making and gardening, and helps Jock in a thousand ways to make their enterprise of home building a success. She learns to ride and drive and sometimes even takes to shooting. In time she comes to love the great slumbering solitudes, and not without regret does she witness their passing as the oncoming years transform them into the busy haunts of men.

There is, however, one phase of western life with which the English people, from their natures, at once come into perfect harmony, but which is meaningless to the average European. Frontiersmen have ever been noted for their hospitality. No matter how small the cabin or how scant the accommodation there is always welcome for the benighted traveller. No matter of what class or race the stranger, the true frontiersman will share with him the last crust. This spirit of hospitality is pleasing to the Englishman. It accords with his ideas of good-fellowship and brotherly kindness. He remembers the modest gleam that guided him to a dry roof on a soggy night, and never forgets to leave his own latch-string out.

Canada is also a land of rapid changes. Not many yesterdays ago these western solitudes knew events of no greater moment than the struggle for existence between wild creatures. Now dotted over the prairies are the nuclei of many future cities; and yet there is room for more cities; When fifty millions have found homes in the fertile vallevs of western rivers there will still be room for many more. And among these heterogeneous peoples, who are simply the unorganised elements of a new nationality, the English immigrant plays his own particular part. The Englishman is widely known for his good breeding and genteel manners, and the English home placed side by side with that of the average European or the rough frontiersman, acts as a conservatory of culture and refinement. Not even the American or the Canadian, for all their alertness and mental acumen bring with them the same atmosphere of ultra refinement. Hence the presence of English people and the English home in the west tends to soften and refine the crudities and roughness of the western character.

And as much as Canada needs English [illegible] for her sons and daughters. The Englishman born and brought up in his native land, little matter what space of time he has been absent never flags in his loyalty to Britain and to British institutions. Indeed it seems rather to grow on him. If he has come to Western Canada and prospered, he gives credit to England for having so rich a colony. If he fails he blames himself for leaving so good a place as England. The attitude of his Canadian born son is as a matter of course, somewhat different. Not that he is wanting in loyalty to Britain, but he has grown up amidst western environment. He has been educated in the school of western experience. He knows the West for his home and toward Canada he feels that strong, patriotic sense of proprietorship which makes the man the citizen. In fine while his father was an Englishman, he is a Colonial.

The English girl who is raised on the frontiers also imbibes that wide freedom, that good as-my-neighbor spirit which hovers everywhere over the broad, western prairies. She, in common with her brother, has drunk deeply of the waters of the northern rivers, and there is a legend which says that whosoever drinks from these rivers shall not fail to return thither from their wanderings. She with her brother is educated in the efficient schools with which the Canadian Government generously provides every settlement and

often herself finds scope for her talent and energy in the profession of teacher. There are, then, vicissitudes which challenge the English settler in the course of his western experience. There are compensations, too, abundant and certain. For him to have when he leaves England any conception other than the most vague of the conditions he will have to meet is, taking all things into consideration, almost impossible. A true grasp of Western Canada, of what it is and what it stands for, comes only for the living there. Mere pictures and printed pages cannot convey the atmosphere of western bigness and promise. It comes only to those who have camped on the banks of the swift rivers and cantered over the treeless undulations.

The Tune the Cow Died on

By Billee Glynn

If Nature had made the soul of Mickey O'Flanagan a little longer, with a Roman arch to bridge his resolutions, in place of the stubby, insignificant thing it was, it is altogether probable that instead of stroking it helplessly as he did, and looking with a hopeless expression from his friend O'Brien to the adjacent backyard where Fanny Donovan was milking her father's cow, he would have been on the other side of the fence, too, in search of his heart and Fanny's, the former having taken to the fence many moons before.

The trouble was that Mickey didn't know which side of the fence Fanny's heart really was, or fancied, rather, that it was on her own side to stay.

Bogton—we'll call it that is a village in Western Canada more Irish than Ireland itself, and the pair were on Mickey's verandah, or an open porch that passed for such, where O'Brien had been fabulising New York—a city from which he had just returned after a visit long enough to expand his ideas without narrowing his brogue—when the pleasing spectacle of Fanny and her milk-pail on the Donovan side had induced a lapse in the conversation and a sigh from Mickey.

Mickey had sighed countless times in the same place on beholding the same tantalising vision, and perhaps his sigh now was the result of habit. Perhaps he thought a man like O'Brien who had viewed the magnificence of New York was also a fit person to whom to unfold the destitution of his heart. At any rate the sympathetic twinkle in O'Brien's eye demanded an explanation, and Mickey, having stroked his nasal organ as if with a desire to remodel it to the heroic type, let his hand point in Fanny's direction and emphasized his first sigh. "Look at her, Billy O'Brien," he said: "She's the woman o' me heart. If I iver marry she'd be the wan but I'll niver marry."

"An' why won't ye?" asked O'Brien with evident surprise, turning an eye of approval towards the pretty figure crouching by the cow in the opposite yard.

Mickey grasped his friend's sleeve and lowered his voice awesomely. "Because, Billy me boy," he said, "She wudn' hev me."

"Wudn' hev ye? Did ye ax her?"

Three months in New York had colored the natural slipshodness of O'Brien's mentality with a show of the practical. The notoriety of his trip had made him a favorite with

the colleens i. his native village and given him a conceit of his powers.

His question "Did ye ax her?" seemed to probe the utmost depths of Mickey's soul. His voice was lachrymal.

"Arrah, an' that's the point av it, Billy me boy," he said. "That's the point av it. If I could only bring myself to it,—but I can't I've thryed to for two years now, and I'm loikely to be thrying for the next two at the rate I'm goin'. I'm loike a yearlin' wantin' to jump a fence that's too high for him, an he knows he darsn't make the leap for fare of breakin' his legs."

Again Mickey sighed. "Billy, I'd break me heart if I thryed it. She'd refuse me. Whin I see her go down there in the avenings, swingin' her pail an' singing 'The Lass o Killarney' or somethin' aqually swate, an' see her sit down by that cow, an' send the milk a streamin' with fingers as white as itself, I'd give the worl' to be able to step over the fence and say, 'Fanny, darlint, will ye hev me?' But I moight as well thry to cross the ocean on a bhroom-stick. It's somethin' in her head, Billy—the way she howlds it. It says, I'll hev nuthin' to do wid ye before ye ax her."

Mickey turned from the object of his affections, sitting beside the cow with her back towards him, to his friend with a look that demanded sympathy, but was surprised to find none in the blue orbs of that practical person

"Mickey O'Flanagan," he said, "I've shame for ye—an' ye a gintleman av' properthy—that ye wud be so aignorant"

"Aignorant is it ye're caliin' me, Billy O'Brien" exclaimed Mickey reproachfully

"Yis, aignorant no other word wud do ye. Didn't ye know that a woman allus howlds her head like that whin she's wantin' ye to propose to her? It's aisy seeing ye ain't had the expayrience I've had, Mickey." O'Brien paused for an instant to gaze glowingly on a New York career of unlimited heart-lifting, and then resumed. "Faix, it's clear that the colleen's been axing ye over the fence to propose to her, iver since ye've been watchin' her here and ye were such an omadhaun that ye niver knew it. It's ashamed of ye I am."

"Ye don't say," ejaculated Mickey with an expression of joy.

"Yis I do say. It's ashamed av ye I am, an' nuthin else. Ye've been lookin' an' sighin' on this side iv the fence fer two years avening after avening, and her on the other side jist dyin' fer ye to go over an' ax her, an' ye cudn't see it. Why it's blind ye must be, man."

Mickey rubbed his eyes as if to correct their vision, in order to see Fanny in the perspective of his friend Billy, and though for a moment he succeeded in viewing her in the roseate light of responsive love, a sudden doubt crossed his face, perhaps from the slight toss which Fanny at that moment happened to give her head, as if her thoughts were of a tormenting nature.

"But how'd ye git to her, Billy?" he asked. "How'd ye approach the darlin'?"

"Isn't there a hole in the fence, Mickey?" What more do ye want?"

The cow switched her tail at this juncture, striking Fanny Donovan on the cheek and she put her hand up with an expression of annoyance. The incident caused O'Brien to lay his hand on his companion's shoulder and smile wisely.

"Did ye see it?" he whispered. "What betther raison would ye want than that to go over and spake to her, wid a hole in the fence as good as axing you to come. Didn't ye see the cow's tail strike her, man?"

"Troth, an' I've often seen it," began Mickey, nonplussed, "but—"

"Often seen it," interposed O'Brien. "Often seen it; an ye don't know what I'm drivin' at! Mickey, I'm ashamed av ye. Politeness ought to taich you. What betther excuse would ye want than to go over to howld the cow's tail to kape it from strikin' her?"

"It's afther foolin' me ye are,

Billy," returned Mickey, smiling incredulously.

"Foolin' you! Faix, an' it's foolin' yourself ye are, Mickey O'Flanagan," affirmed O'Brien seriously. "How cud ye ixpect the woman to loike you? You've been standing here night afther night watchin' the cow lambastin' her poor tinder cheek with its tail, an' ye didn't have the heart to go over an' howld it for her. Mickey O'Flanagan, it's nuthin' less than cruelty and bad manners for ye."

"But wud she let me?"

"The cow is it ye mane?"

"The woman."

"Let ye! She'd be glad to hev ye. Heven't I towld ye the way she howlds her head shows she's just dying for ye? Mickey, believe the word of a friend, ye're nuthin' less than a fool as far as understandin' a woman is concerned. It's in New York that ye ought to larn, me boy.

"An' wud ye railly howld the baste's tail for her, Billy?" asked Mickey still somewhat dubious.

"Yis, or its feet ayther if I loiked the woman. It's the aisiest thing in the worl.' I'll show ye for the sake av the illustration."

Whereupon Mr. William O'Brien, late of New York, took off his hat dinged the crown properly, dusted the sleeve of his coat where a spot or two showed, shook himself into an attitude of dignity, and with a parting wink of confidence at the incredulous Mickey, made his way through the breach in the fence to the Donovan side. An instant later Mickey saw him lift his hat with a flourish to the blushing Fanny, and shortly afterward beheld him in the pleasant and enviable occupation of holding the cow's tail while he kept up a sprightly conversation with the girl, punctuated with short bits of laughter which came to the ears of Mickey with a thrill of jealousy.

When Billy had returned, and having dwelt on his knowledge of the fair sex to the now convinced and admiring Mickey, assured him that he was not in love with Fanny himself, and promised with all the condescension proper to his love-inspiring personality that he would thereafter pay her no attention to injure his friend's suit, Mickey feasted him, blessed the day that had brought Billy O'Brien back from New York, and finally, having orally exhausted the subject, went to rest at a late hour and dreamed.

His dream was a dream of love, and a hero protecting a beautiful woman from the tail of a cow.

The dream had nothing whatever to do with the O'Heeley band, and yet the O'Heeley band has a great deal to do with the story. The O'Heeley band was a newly-organized body in the village of Bogton. It derived its name from the leader, O'Heeley, a retired soldier who had served in the Spanish War and was drawing a pension. O'Heeley led it with a grace and variety of ornate gesticulation that was worthy of leaders of more famous bands. It consisted of nine graded brass horns with a strong pair of youthful Irish lungs behind each. The result was a musical brogue which O'Heeley termed "a bit o' the classical," an expression in no way illustrative of the volume of sound produced. The band officiated—or intended to officiate when age gave it opportunity—on public occasions, weddings, holidays, etc. During its callow days, however, its specialty was charivaring, which O'Heeley designated with his usual euphemism, "serenading." The band had acquired even in the babyhood of its career, such a reputation in this particular line, that when a young fellow in Bogton thought of marrying, he always estimated in his unavoidable expenses the fee of the O'Heeley band for "serenading," an occurrence which inevitably took place a night or two after the nuptials.

It was impossible for Tom Murphy in his newly elected state of matrimony to escape the levying of this blackmail. The O'Heeley organization, two in a line, and four deep with O'Heeley at their head, "the brass in his face batin' the brass in

his horn" as had been said on one occasion, and as straight and stern as if he were again advancing against the Spanish over the hills of Cuba, were on their way the evening after the opening of the story to the cottage where Murphy had taken his bride, next door to the habitation where Mickey O'Flanagan, the lonely bachelor, sighed out his heart for that of Fanny Donovan.

Arriving at the cottage, and congratulating themselves on not having been detected so far by Tom Murphy and his bride, who, had they but known it, had decamped to a neighbor's an hour before, the O'Heeleyans formed in a circle, and O'Heeley having nodded his head three times in his usual introductory manner, said, "All ready. Let her hev it, boys!" and put his instrument to his lips.

Mickey O'Flanagan in the meantime was parading his back verandah impatiently awaiting the milking-hour and Fanny Donovan. Fanny seemed later than usual. The fact was that Mickey was earlier in his expectations. He had looked forward to her appearance from the moment when rubbing his eyes in the morning he had rubbed aside dreams of her for hopes more practical. Nearing the crisis of action—for he had decided to follow the example of O'Brien the evening before—he was in a highly-wrought state of nervous excitement, mingling doubts and hopes in a confused medley. In the early part of the day Mickey had said to himself with a confident smile, "She loves me, that's sure. All I hev to be doin' is the axin' av her, an' 'tis this very avenin' I'll do it." But when evening came, Mickey was saying to himself, "Will she hev me if I ax her, an' will I ax her if she won't?"

Then came Fanny, swinging her mill pail with a grace that would have fired the heart of a less susceptible person than an Irishman. A moment later she was on her stool by the side of the cow, sending the milk into the pail in alternate streams, and the great opportunity of his life was knocking at the door of Mickey O'Flanagan. Mickey stood with his heart thumping under the magnitude of the moment. Drawing himself together, he made towards the breach in the fence. The girl's back was towards him, and pausing, he gave her a long look so lovelorn that it must have won Fanny's heart could she have seen it. But she did not see it, and her back was a back of indifference. Putting his head under the upper scantling to which the boards had been nailed, Mickey bumped his head, and almost stumbled. The noise attracted Fanny's attention, and she looked around. Mickey had his hat off rubbing his head and his face was scarlet. He saw the woman of his heart smile. There was but one thing to do now, and Mickey did it desperately. He made a quick dive for the hole, and approached Fanny, his temperature rising at every step.

Her back was again towards him.

"A foine avenin'," said Mickey, pausing about three steps behind her.

The sound of the milk pattering in the pail apparently prevented Fanny from hearing him

"A foine avenin' Miss Donovan," said Mickey, taking another step,

Fanny glanced around.

"How d'ye do, Mr. O'Flanagan," she said in a brogue as sweet as her face was pretty

Mickey lifted his hat with the flourish he had seen O'Brien indulge in the evening before. The friendliness of her greeting gave him courage. He advanced, and stood close beside the girl and the cow, looking from the former to the tail of the latter as if waiting for inspiration,—or the tail. The tail was unaggressive. Mickey sought for the inspiration. He found it at last in the pail.

"What beautiful milk!" he said. "an' wud ye look at the foam on it! Sure an' it's the good milker ye are, Miss Donovan "

Fanny made no reply. The trouble was perhaps that Mickey should have reversed his compliment, and called

the girl beautiful, and the cow the good milker.

Mickey again looked towards the tail. The tail was lashing the other side of the cow. Mickey turned helplessly to the girl.

"The flies are bad," he suggested after a long interval.

"Yis, but Reddie don't mind thim much," she rejoined, not raising her eyes.

As if in refutation of the statement, the cow switched her tail and hit the milker on the cheek.

Mickey seized the chance and the tail with avidity.

"Bad cess to ye for a mane brute!" he exclaimed. "To sthrike a leddy loike that. Did she hurt ye, Miss Donovan?"

"Nothin' to lave a mark," said Fanny.

"I'll howld her for ye," said Mickey heroically, grasping the cow's tail with both hands

There was a deep silence. The streams of milk falling into the pail kept time with the thumping of Mickey's heart. Reddie twitched her fast-held tail uneasily.

"I've often watched ye from my side whin ye'd be milkin' here in the avenin'," he said finally, his voice dropping into sentiment.

"Did ye?" said Fanny. Her face was slightly flushed. It must be remembered that Mickey was a handsome lad, in spite of his gaucherie, and was possessed of considerable wealth. So Fanny blushed

"Yis," he continued, "I've watched ye ivery avenin' for two years or more."

The tone of the confession left no room for doubt of Mickey's intentions. Like a true daughter of Eve, Fanny Donovan was prepared to give him trouble in expressing them further.

"Indade," she suggested sly "My back must hev been intherestin'

"Not so intherestin' as your face," rejoined Mickey with spirit, under her raillery.

"Then it's me face ye should hev been watchin'."

"An' sure I'd hev loiked to, but I'd had to hev been here thin, an'—"

"Faix, I wasn't hinderin' ye," put in the girl with a teasing smile into her suitor's face.

The opening was so sudden and so large that Mickey instead of making a prompt and graceful entrance, fell into it.

"Thin ye don't moind me company," he suggested.

"Faix, it's betther than none," said Fanny in a tone of liberality.

Mickey sighed, crest fallen.

"But sure, ain't I howldin' the cow's tail so it won't be sthrikin' ye?" he pleaded.

"Sure an' she could howld it hersilf," returned Fanny with another teasing smile.

Mickey's spirits sank under this r

"Thin ye don't want me?" he inquired.

"I m not ixprissin' my wants; if I had thim, I wud," she countered, her look challenging Mickey to express his

Mickey gulped; opened his mouth, shut it again, and said nothing.

"I often felt," he resumed weakly, "whin I'd be sittin' on me back verandah in the avenin' that I'd loike a wife."

"Indade, an' did ye iver think if your wife wud loike you?"

"If she loikes me well enough to hev me she—"

"Might kill ye wid the roll n'-pin aftherwards," interposed the relentless Fanny

"Ah, she's too swate for that!" refuted Mickey.

"Indade thin, ye've set your eye on her?"

"An' me heart!" declared Mickey. But Fanny's eyes were raised to his with an air of frank unconsciousness.

"Yis an' me heart" repeated he, pleased with the expression

"Thin I'd ax her if I was you," she advised judiciously

"But she don't know I want her,"

"She'll niver know if ye don't tell her"

"Arrah, but she don't know it's her I mane," he protested, puzzled.

"How cud ye ixpect her, till ye say so?"

"Sure, an' I hev been savin' so," blurted out Mickey, wrought to the last stage of desperation by her impregnable misunderstanding.

"Thin she cudn't have heard ye," commented Fanny. "Ye want to shake louder. Holler at her, if she won't hear."

The look on Mickey's face was that of a man staking his life on a throw. He planted his feet firmly, gripped the tail of the cow, and opened his mouth convulsively.

"Fanny Donovan," he yelled ardently, "Ye're the jewel av me heart. Will ye hev me?"

A rich peal of laughter broke from the girl, but before she could reply the overture of the Murphy serenade broke forth next door with a resounding crash of brass. Instantaneously, the peaceful Reddie revolted. The holding of her tail was bearable, but this was too much. She leaped forward, Mickey clinging desperately.

"Fanny Donovan!" he reiterated still hanging to the tail, "ye're the jewel av me heart! Will ye hev me?"

Fanny nodded, tears of laughter in her eyes.

"If ye howld the cow," she answered him.

But the cow was apparently not to be held. The O'Heeley band was blowing its best, and the Donovan cow had evidently no taste for O'Heeley's "bit o' the classical." She bounded through the yard, and out into the street. The band, dimly seen through the dusk, was hard at it. She lowered her head, and charged. Mickey bringing up an execrating and unwilling rear.

The "bit o' the classical" broke suddenly into a discordant whine, ended in a stuttering gasp, and the bandsman, one and all, O'Heeley leading the retreat, went flying up the road as fast as fear and their legs could carry them.

"What sort av baste was it—the divil will be shootin' at us nixt," gasped O'Heeley, thinking that Murphy was the author of the charge which had dispersed them, and the band ran faster.

On the battlefield the cow had plunged her foot through the bass horn, fallen heavily, and brought Mickey sprawling on top. Fanny, who had run after her wooer and the cow, found them in the roadway, Mickey sitting on the prostrate Reddie, warm with exercise and heroism.

"I've got her, darlint," he cried triumphantly. "Will ye hev me now?"

Fanny blushed. After all she was not a girl to disparage a man who has made himself ridiculous for love, and a suitor like Mickey who could watch the lady of his fancy from his back verandah for two years appealed to her.

So it was when old man Donovan arrived a moment later, he discovered Mickey holding Fanny's hand, and looking very happy.

"I've won the hand av your daughter," he announced importantly.

"Yis, but bad cess to ye, ye've broken the leg av me poor cow," responded Fanny's parent, after a brief examination.

Mickey was thunderstruck. He glanced ruefully from Fanny to the fated Reddie, still lying prostrate behind him.

"'Twas the infidel O'Heeley an' his crayters did it," he asseverated quickly, "but niver moind, I've a Jersey in me barn that's doin' nothin' but atin' her head off. I'll give her to ye, fer I've me treasure here."

Old man Donovan was a practical person. He looked the two over.

"Faix," he said, "since ye've got the colleen, ye can go home an' dhrive over the Jersey."

"Dollar Wheat"

By Herbert Vanderhoof

From the December "World To-Day"

With "dollar wheat" an actuality the question of future values in breadstuffs enters upon a new phase. Will the price continue to rise with the increase in the world's population until white bread has become a luxury which only the rich may know? The question is not new, but in the light of recent events it takes on new interest. Wheat is worth more than it used to be, and is going to be worth still more.

European savants say that "dollar wheat" is here to stay, while board of trade operators scoff at the idea. The former base their view on scientific observations of past and present conditions; the latter know the "pit," and the varying quotations of the day. Meanwhile the Canadian farmer is saying nothing about past conditions or future probabilities. He is absorbed in pleased contemplation of the present and is leaving to others the answer to the question of whether or no our children shall eat white bread.

Joseph Leiter, of Chicago, who knows at least the speculative wheat market as well as any man in the world, said in an interview with a Paris journalist recently:

"Wheat is going up and down many times, between big limits, too, before starvation will start in on account of a limited supply. In my opinion the present advance in price is only a temporary phase of the situation."

Mr. Leiter was interviewed because the National Association of French Milling Interests had called a meeting to consider the situation, and the London Flour Miller's Association had on October 11 raised the price of flour sixpence a sack. His dictum has value only in so far as it touches the speculative market, which by no means affects any of the conditions underlying the actual growth and the final consumption of wheat and wheat products, but deals with the status of the middle-market, the half-way variable point, between the two. The truth was more clearly stated by M. Cornu, secretary of the French association.

"The higher price has come to stay," said M. Cornu, "because the population of the world is getting beyond the supply of wheat. This was predicted by the German statistician Pohle, some years ago, as a thing that must happen."

Pohle was not the first of the Germans to forsee that. Malthus saw it in 1798. But Pohle had the inestimable advantage of living later and seeing farther than Malthus, so that instead of dealing with theories he had facts to go on. When Malthus wrote his first treatise, there were only about five million people in the United States and but a very small fraction as many in Canada. Yet to him, the growth of population was about to overrun the possibilities in food supply, and his cheerful suggestion was that the otherwise inevitable end be defeated by putting a stopper on the birthrate.

In his day it had not been discovered that every great need of humanity evokes its own remedy, as by the unvarying operation of some great natural law. The population of Europe and America has gone on. But conditions have accommodated themselves to that growth, and instead of starving, all nations to-day are paying more for their food, especially for their white bread, and there neither is nor ever will be even what Mr. Leiter calls a beginning of "starvation on account

of an insufficient supply."

While the quoted price for wheat is made in Liverpool and Chicago, and bears only a proportional relation to the price received by the actual grower, it means that the man at the other end of the line, the consumer, has to pay more for his flour when the price is high than when it is low. The argument that by apparently increasing the cost of living a high price means general hardship, will not hold. For a high price to the grower means prosperity at the very root industry of all the people. When the farmer gets a good price for his wheat, he has money to use; and he uses it in buying luxuries as well as necessaries. When this condition is prevalent everywhere in any year, that year is a busy one in every line of human activity, and every one has more money. Therefore a high price for wheat, the central food-staple of three continents, spells relative prosperity wherever men eat white bread.

"Dollar wheat" used to be the farmer's dream. It has come true, and is not likely to fade again into a dream or a mere hope. For the first time since the farms of the middle states were new and comparatively few, wheat brings more than a dollar a bushel, because it is worth more.

Insensibly but very steadily the population has been growing, and every soul added to it means another body to be nourished. And wheat is the first indispensable food staple. In America population is increasing at the rate of fifteen per cent. every two years. Compound that rate for twenty years past and twenty years next to come, and the reason why wheat is above the dollar mark and certain to stay in the dollar-mark neighborhood, with an average tendency still upward, makes itself perfectly clear. There is nothing to alarm any one in this fact.

The prosperity of the people rests upon the prosperity of the farm. When farming pays, money flows, and every grade of all the peoples benefits in the highest degree. The soil is the only producer of actual wealth. The grower of grain is the only real creator of new values, and his work never ceases. It grows with the demand upon it. None need grudge him his share of the wealth he himself brings forth.

Up to some ten years ago, the wheat product of the United States kept abreast of the growing demand and offered a surplus for export. Supply keeping pace with demand, the price was not materially affected. Then began one of those race movements not easily understood at first, where unrest overtakes many widely separated individuals, and a new field draws them as a magnet might. The new needs of a rapidly approaching future were arranging themselves to be met. The vast prairies and rich valleys of the Canadian West slowly became aware of strangers, few at first, then in increasing numbers. Twenty years ago all that country, imperial in extent, was idle. The Canadian Pacific Railway, after extraordinary difficulties, was financed, and pushed its track across the empty land, the people following slowly. Now there are more than twenty thousand miles of rail, under various companies, traversing the mightiest wheat areas of the world, spreading out fanlike from the ports of Lake Superior to the Rockies and the north, wheat areas unknown and undreamed by Malthus and his followers.

"The prairie of the last frontier," says a New York daily, "is being gridironed west and north-west by railroad lines that as soon as the last spike is driven will bring in people and take out wheat. It is the taking out of the wheat, the problem of the transportation of future harvests, that has given rise to the numerous propositions of railway undertakings in another direction, toward Hudson Bay."

A recent writer remarks on this subject that "a railroad to Hudson Bay would move Liverpool two thousand miles nearer to the western shippers. For the last quarter of a century a line from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay has been mooted. At the present moment the amazing development of Winnipeg and the Canadian West has led to such vigorous action that no less

than six charters have been granted in connection with Hudson Bay projects. These great schemes hinge entirely upon the amazing development of Western Canada, whose magical black soil, experts say, will go on producing the hardest wheat in the world without stimulus for a century or more. Already Winnipeg bids fair to be the Chicago of Canada, and through this buckle of the wheat belt all the grain must pass."

Settlement has been swiftly following, or even of late preceding, this extraordinary railway work. Particularly in Saskatchewan, the great wheat province which lies immediately to the west of Manitoba, has the recent development been one of the wonders of the world. Here the latest railway map shows the veritable network of new lines. It is a good sign when a railway sends out feeders through the country. The men who push new lines into virgin country are wise. They realize that no line is more prosperous than the people of the country through which it passes. Profit is made on local business, not on "through" business. Every railroad knows this.

Through these lands of black, friable loam from eight to twenty inches deep on a clay subsoil, where the soil is rich in the food of the wheat-plant, where the long hours of sunshine and the cool nights bring the wheat to vigorous maturity, where the pests of the green bug and the rust and their kindred are unknown, where farms pay for themselves with their first crop, the roads are being run.

Saskatchewan is the richest wheat-producing area in the world, according to Professor Tanner, England's greatest agricultural chemist, who writes: "Although we have hitherto considered the black earth of Central Russia the richest soil in the world, that land has to yield its distinguished position to the rich, deep, fertile soil of Saskatchewan. Here it is that the most fertile soil of the world is to be found. These soils are rich, vegetable humus or clay loam with good clay subsoil. The surface deposit is rich in nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash,, and all other chemical ingredients that go to make up a perfect soil. To the high percentage of nitrogen is due the high percentage of gluten which gives 'Canadian No. 1 Hard' the flouring qualities which have spread its fame abroad to the end of the earth."

In the Regina district lies the famous Indian Head experimental farm, some three hundred and fifteen miles west of Winnipeg. An average for ten years for seventeen farmers in this district was thirty-one bushels to the acre. Along one road leading out of town, it is possible to drive for nearly forty miles in a direct line through unbroken grain fields.

Old-timers are contrasting present conditions in Western Canada with the mad prophecy of Labouchere in 1881: "The Canadian Pacific Railway will run, if it is ever finished, through a country frostbound for seven or eight months of the year, and will connect with the eastern part of the Dominion about as forbidding a country as any on the face of the earth."

The first railroad seemed useless then to the London editor. Later there was a second. Now there is a third. And all this is in a country of which Malthus never heard.

Comparing the areas of all field crops in 1905-1906, there were in the North-west Provinces, 338,000 acres in the former and 8,408,000 in the latter year, being an increase of 2,070,000 acres or nearly thirty-three per cent in one year. In Manitoba the increase was 603,000 acres, in Saskatchewan 1,167,000 and in Alberta 300,000, which in the aggregate is equal in extent to ninety townships. Yet the whole area in crops in the three provinces last year was only twenty-eight per cent. of the land occupied as farms, and only seven per cent. of the surveyed land in the provinces, the land occupied as farms and ranches being 30,502,927 acres and the land surveyed for settlement 120,484,455 acres.

That is the record of one year, bringing it down to 1907, yet it sufficiently indicates the rate at which occupation is proceeding. There is room yet for many thousands of new settlers on new farms, but not for long The steady pressure of demand—a demand for the

prime food staples of civilized nations —goes on, and must be met; and the men and farms will respond to it in perfect ratio, until all the land of this magnificient stretch of wheat-growing country shall have been taken up and put under cultivation.

The Canadian West is ordained the granary of the world. Wheat! Wheat in an ever rolling volume of increase, from the bosom of Saskatchewan to the tables of all the world. Wheat enough for all the world for years to come, when its broad miles have been taken up in farms, and the West as we have known it has disappeared forever, giving place to the most beneficent of all industries, the growing of the grains, for all the peoples, everywhere.

One hundred and seventy-one million acres of the best wheat soil in the world, where the climate favors this crop as it does nowhere else, spread across the Canadian West from the woods of Ontario to the foothills of the Rockies, and of this tremendous sweep of country, with all the rush of high-class immigration drawn from Great Britain and the United States these last few years, only five per cent. has been taken up and put under cultivation. Almost one hundred and forty million acres are still open to settlement, and in that total is included a large part of Saskatchewan, which produces the very finest and most valuable of all wheats, the No. 1 hard—hard and full as a bullet, and richer than any other in albuminoids.

Outside of Saskatchewan, only a small patch of soil in North Dakota can produce this quality of wheat. But in Saskatchewan it is the standard crop, and a record of seven years shows its range of yield at from seventeen to twenty-three bushels per acre. The average yield of Nebraska and Kansas in wheat not nearly so fine, runs less than fourteen bushels—and from the time of its first settlement the province has never known a crop failure

Land at low prices, capable of producing the highest grade of the most valuable wheat in the world will not remain long unoccupied. It will take years to fill up and open these one hundred and forty million Canadian acres of wheat land, but filled they will be, and there shall be no hunger then nor any other time, for the crops grow large with the years as they grow

It is a fact not commonly taken into consideration that all the western peoples are grain-eaters. Meats are luxuries in continental Europe. The Germans crave it by heredity, and satisfy that craving with *cervelat* and the like, of coarse origin. In France they eat horse-flesh. In the other countries, a family that has meat more than once a week is fortunate to the point of distinction. Even in America, meat is only a part of the general diet. All the Caucasian peoples eat grain products. The bulk of them eat wheat and must have it The cost is a matter of only relative importance, a dollar or more per bushel will not stop them.

Malthus based his dismal theory upon facts as they appeared in the light of his own time. He had no possible chance to know what no man knew then: that thousands of miles away to the west lay a potential food supply equal to the demands of centuries to come. The crudely cultivated farms of Europe were strained in the effort to feed a crowded population, soon to be thinned tragically by the wars of Napoleon; America was a fringe of settlements along the ocean-front of a continent richer than all the other continents, but then unknown save as the home of savage men and beasts. The great Northwest, the mightiest expanse of fertile soil on earth, with a climate that of itself had power to evoke fertility, was utterly undreamed of.

Malthus was a sad philosopher; a good statistican, but a bad seer. It was not within the range of his vision that kindly earth and energetic man would bring this food-source out of the mysterious new land and from its teeming bosom take with ease enough to feed the whole of the race. Instead of keeping down the family the future turned upon Malthus with the means of keeping it up. There is food, pure, white food, for

many times more people than all Europe and America contained in the Malthusian period, and there is no danger of its failure. A dollar's worth of wheat will make more bread now than five times as much made a hundred and nine years ago when Malthus raised his Cassandra warning. A bushel of wheat is the best and most beneficent dollar's worth to be had for the money anywhere. The dicta of men who are chiefly concerned not in the problems of food supply as related to population, but in the day's market price, cannot stand against the calm judgment of those to whom speculative manipulation means nothing, but facts mean all

People must have wheat, and the rich Northwest shall give it them in the ratio of their needs. They are willing to pay for it, and they shall have it; and their children, and their children's children, shall eat white bread.

The Changeless Yesterdays

By Dorothy Green.

"THE yesterdays are changeless,"
Regretfully we say.
We cannot mend the old mistakes
Nor take their sting away,
And words once lightly spoken
Unchanged forever stay.

"The yesterdays are changeless"—
The days of gladness, too,
When hours were short and hearts were light
And summer skies were blue;
The days when heaven seemed nearer
And earth created new.

"The yesterdays are changeless,"
Undimmed by doubts or fears,
A splendid priceless heritage,
Through all the coming years;
No power on earth can mar them,
Or cloud their joy with tears.

"The yesterdays are changeless."
O ye of little faith,
Hear what the God of pity
To still your doubting saith:
The heart shall hold its treasures
Beyond the gates of death.

Adventures in a Garden

Archibald Rescues the Princess

By Mary Livingston

ARCHIBALD and Little Honey sat side by side on the low bench on the sunny side of the hen house.

Little Honey's big blue eyes were open wide with admiration and astonishment. Her short chubby legs stuck straight out in front of her. She gazed at Archibald with rapt attention. He was a warrior of seven. She was a maid of four.

"And then," said Archibald, "I called my brave men about me and told them of the pur—purr—of the adventure. But they were not afraid. No, not they!"

"Archie, I not 'traid 'os purrill eider. My mamma dot some—"

"Now, Little Honey, you just keep still. How could your mother have purrill? It's something to scare the daylights right out of a man."

"My mamma dot some on a stwing," she insisted.

Archibald scowled tremendously. "On a string? Oh! You mean pearls—Now do keep still, Little Honey. This is *purrill*, not pearl."

"'Tourse," said Little Honey.

The narrator spent a moment in thought. "You've just put me all out, Little Honey," he said. "This story's from a book, but I mean it just the same. Now don't you ask me how or anything like that—It's so, and that's enough for a baby to know."

Thus fortified against embarrassing questions, he continued.

"We mounted our gallant steeds and rode out through the castle wall."

"Wasn't 'er any date, Archie?"

"Of course, there was a gate, but you don't mention every little thing like that."

Little Honey looked a veritable owl for wisdom.—"'Tourse not, Archie," she echoed.

Archibald ignored the interruption. "We galloped straight over forest and glen until we came to the tower where the Prince was held prisoner."

"What's forst and dlen, Archie?"

"There, I knew you couldn't keep still. Papa says women never can and I suppose girl babies are like 'em. Forest and glen is big high trees and glen is—is—you wouldn't know if I told you."

"Ma, Archie, use horsie awfully. Did I gallop straight over trees? Jim never do."

"Well, Jim is only a every day horse. The horses are special. Besides it you want me to tell you about things you mustn't talk so much."

"Tourse not," assented the listener.

"When we got to the tower we all got off and up our lion."

"Where did you get the lions?"

"I don't know, but there, and then up in trees. And we gave a mighty shout, and—"

Gobble, gobble, gobble!

What was this awful sound?

Archibald looked and saw the Great Grass turkey coming down upon them with tail spread feathers erect and head hanging from side to side. The Rescuer of the Prince rose and fled. Terror at the blows and mother gave speed to his nimble legs.

"Archie, Archie," cried Little Horse, but he heeded not and she would have been sitting on that cushion box to this very day if Uncle Henry hadn't happened along just then.

"Where's Archibald?" he asked.

"I dess he had a purrill," she answered.

The Masterpiece

By Floy Campbell

Author of "Girls of Camp Arcady," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

Donald McLeod, a young writer, is [illegible] published a book which creates a furor. When the story opens, Robert Brent, an old college chum [illegible] McLeod has just finished reading [illegible] the girl whom McLeod was engaged [illegible] and now he re[illegible] McLeod's interest himself, [illegible] an earlier though less [illegible] McLeod was [illegible] cat result [illegible] which [illegible] duced the vision. At the same time, he would not admit that the story he wrote was due to the [illegible] the opium or [illegible] anything but the product of his own mind.

February 1st.

PRAY for me, Old Man. The Story begins in this number. Take notice that since McDonald's have accepted it, my respect for it has grown so that I Capitalize It.

February 18th

I enclose several notices of the opening number of Alessandro. You were the first to say the same things about him. Congratulate yourself again on your clear sight, and me on —what? Genius? or Opium?"

There followed a number of short notes and envelopes of clippings inclosing letters from editors, or from enthusiastic readers. Robert turned them over, smiling at Macleod's boyish delight in his brilliant success. Praise enough here to turn the steadiest head —and Macleod's was none too steady It was small wonder if he temporarily succeeded in ignoring the circumstances under which his story had been written, and convincing himself that it was Genius, not Opium, on which he was to be congratulated.

"I have sold three more short stories, but all three of them, to be quite frank with you, were first rejected by McDonald's. They said, and I am only too convinced that they were right, that the tales were inferior to Alessandro of Padua, and they preferred to wait for me to work out one as perfect, before publishing further material of mine. It is evident to me that with the constant demand of newspaper work for quick and careless production, I can never write as I wish.

There's a thousand left of that trust fund father created for me at his death, and it's due to be delivered this fall. Adding it to the 500 I got from McDonald's, I have concluded it would not be too venturesome to resign my position here, and try New York. Once free from this grind, I hope to be able to concentrate sufficiently to produce something decent I'll get me a studio in Old Manhatten, Bob; and then—mind your eye!—for I'll dazzle you blind with the pyrotechnics of my genius

October 20th
No. — 59th St., N. Y.

Hello Bob! Here I am, and it's a poor showing I've not written sooner. I've a fine apartment, scarce a stone's throw from the Park, scarce a step from Fifth Avenue. I've furnished it splendidly—for me, that is. It's only a big study, a small bedroom, and a bath,—I eat elsewhere—but I blew in eight of my fifteen hundred on the month's rent and the furniture; and I tell you, it did my soul good. Why, it was like growing wings to be able to get the things I wanted—had always

wanted horribly, and never, never bought because of poverty. The room would look bare to many of my fellow-lodgers,—I have bought only the absolute necessities—but to me it is a revel of luxury, because each thing is the best of its kind.

I've not written much yet. The city is comparatively new to me, and marvellously fascinating. The bay and sea call always to me, inland born. I try to write, but the white clouds fleck the blue out of my high window like foam on the breakers until I drop my work and go to the beach. The gulls are verily my kinsmen. Their wings and their voices play across my heart-strings. How can I write? And it is October, golden October in the Park, along Riverside Drive, up the river, through the Highlands, October, drunken, riotous with color, such as our southwestern fall never knew.

And at night it is no better. The river with its thousand lights, reflected, quivering, singing—do you remember Stephen Crane's poem?

" Each small gleam was a voice—
A lantern voice—
In little songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.
A chorus of colors came over the water,

Small glowing pebbles
Thrown on the dark plane of evening."

Then the blazing city—the theatres—did you think I was such a child? I have seen greater cities in other lands, but that was several years past, and since then I've lived in that half-baked Western town. Never have I so felt the charm of multitudes.

No, I cannot write now. I can only hope that November, leafless, too cold for the shore, will leave me free to work. It'll have to. My expenses are high here. My money will never last a year—no, not six months—with the rent I pay and the people I know.

November 10th

Well, Bob, your letter did me good I needed a pounding, and the last red leaves having gone about the time your buffets came, and the last red cents showing signs of following, I settled down to work most virtuously I've despatched ten tales in the last two weeks. Oh, not written them all, but sent 'em out—with stamps for return when I wasn't responding to especial editorial invitation. I'm not well pleased with them, but can only hope I'm growing over-critical. I read them to my small artist neighbor, and she pronounced them "lovely." Of course I'm convinced her judgment is good Wouldn't you be, under the circumstances? She does nice miniatures herself, and has charming brown eyes, like my Donna Lucia.

December 24th.

Here's a dreary collection of Christmas gifts—six rejected manuscripts the postman brings me. That makes the last of the ten I sent out in November, and only two of the lot taken—by minor mags. Evidently neighbor Brown-Eyes was not a good judge—or the editors are off, eh?

No, Bobs, as a matter of fact, I've not done a single decent thing since Alessandro. Something has gone wrong with my brain. The Transcendental Man stays corked up within me and just the old stupid blunderer goes on making fool-tracks over the paper. I'd reject them myself if I were an editor.

One of two things is true—either I'm one of those men who have but one possibility, and who, exhausted by the first trial, stand empty and helpless, or I was what I have fought against believing—simply a pen in the hand of M. Opium.

The editors no longer write me courteous personal notes, or requests for "more in place of this which does not seem exactly suitable" They send only the curt printed slip. This is indeed a fall for me!

Fortunately, Alessandro sells somewhat, though the public doesn't fall over itself in haste to buy, and the critics are already picking flaws in it—calling attention to the cold and halting chapters—the patches I clouted on after I'd come back to sanity. Looks bad for me, old boy. I'll stick it out to the bitter end, but I'm afraid—afraid—.

February 10th

Don't you worry, Bob. That last last was a fool letter that I'd not have written to anyone but an old chum—and I'd no right to burden even him with my woes. I'm at it again. I'll fight to the last ditch and the last penny, and I'll win yet. Great God! is a man to have no power over the self that is his best self? the soul that is his, his own, his highest own? his best to be free only at the call of a degrading drug?

No, don't think it, Bob. I'll not—I swear I'll not touch the stuff again. No desire on earth shall move me, either for fame, or for money, or for the delicious physical ease. But what a paradox—what a ghastly paradox that the highest soul of me should not be mine, but the chattel of that vile creature, M. Opium!

—Oh, let's be cheerful. I'm going in to my brown-eyed painter-girl's, and have tea and a cig. She doesn't smoke, thank heaven, like so many of 'em, but she lets me; and I drink the tea to pay for the privilege—I hate it, of course. Her name, by the by, is Edith. Pretty, isn't it? She spells it with a *y* and final *e*, but there I draw the line. Edythe! Whew!"

After these two letters with their melancholy down-hill writing, and their evident struggle with overmastering depression, had come a long silence. Brent recalled how he had despatched short, anxious notes, one after the other, and how, receiving no reply, he was planning to go to New York in search of Douglas when the next epistle came. He remembered the tightening of his throat when he saw the New York post mark on the back, and the sudden, choking sense of relief that the superscription was in the old, jubilant, back-handed script, with fantastic capitals, and a grinning face sketched in one corner that told him the news was good.

"Well, old boy, I've been a scoundrel, I know, but I've been through Hell and Damnation, and just come out. And a man can't write letters from Hell. They don't furnish asbestos writing materials.

To go back these three months you've been writing and not getting any answers,—I was fighting discouragement, working desperately, sending out small potboilers, and mostly getting 'em back with appalling regularity. Slaved over one thing that struck me as having possibilities, and destroyed as fast as I wrote, hopelessly. The quarterly payment from Alessandro was only fifty dollars, and some weeks ago I spent the last of that for rent. Had a room for a month, but not one cent for food.

Well, you know I've never been rich, but I was never before in such straits; and what with the worry of my absolute failure to write and my concentration of mind on trying to redeem that failure, I never thought of pawning anything. I simply sat at my desk and wrestled for power to write. Did you ever in a dream agonize to cry out, to move? My life was like that. I spent five days in a state of night-mare impotence, fighting the blackest and deadliest battle a man ever fought. I didn't even think of going to see Brown Eyes, so you can guess I was pretty far gone.

At last I think I fainted. When I awoke, I had the brilliant idea of pawning my watch and eating. At the time it struck me that it was an inspiration of genius, as if no man had ever done it before

I wavered along to the pawnshop, handed out the watch, and the Jew behind the counter gave me a ten and a ticket. Then I went to a good restaurant, expecting to eat ravenously, although since the third day of my fast I had felt no hunger—only a strange sense of lightness and freedom not unlike the feeling that followed my taking opium.

The waiter brought one course after another, and I sent them away almost untouched, sick at the sight of solid food. Only when the coffee came, I drank, ordered more and still drank, and as the stimulant raced along my nerves, in that crowded dining-room, the old experience was re-enacting. The story was forming itself before me, clear, exact, exquisite.

Half-crazy with excitement, I left the place. I bought several bottles of wine and some biscuit, for I felt I must have strength to write now the gods had at last been good to me.

I went to my room passing Brown Eyes, she tells me, in the hall with the unseeing eyes of a sleep-walker, and the face of the dead, sat down with a glass and a bottle of wine beside me, and wrote, with an occasional nibble at a biscuit soaked in wine.

My brain was molten, white-hot Sheets of manuscript piled on the floor beside me. My pen flew—at such a rate, indeed, that I could scarcely read the result two days later.

I wrote all night, with only such pauses as the pain in my hand and arm made imperative. Did you ever try to write for hours at a stretch? It is the most terrific agony a man can feel, and it leaves him literally paralyzed. Towards noon the next day I staggered to bed, sodden with wine and completely exhausted

I slept nearly twenty-four hours, and awoke desperately sick, as was natural after such abuse of my body Luckily for me, Brown-Eyes, uneasy over the ghost she had met in the hall, came to inquire after my health. And when she found me ill, she made no inconvenient inquiries, but like a true woman, turned in and concocted my broth in her chafing-dish, and looked after me a bit until I could get on my feet again Fortunately, I had locked the door of my study, so she didn't see the bottles, and other evidences of crime there I'm thankful, for she'd never understood that it wasn't just an orgy of drink, but that the bottles were a "means of grace," so to speak—at least a prop to strength for a gracious end.

My first act, once sane and well, was to read and assort my manuscript The tale struck me as the equal of Alessandro—at last!—and, not to keep you in suspense, McDonald's say it is. They have taken it, they have paid for it, and I'm on my feet once more financially as well as physically. They tell me I've found my vein again, and I believe it, for oh, I've written at last a story—a better story than the first—you'll say so when you read it—and without Opium!

And—ah, this is too near to write of freely, even to you; but—it's all settled between Edith and me, and—say, just imagine I've said all those things you read in books and poetry. I can't—it goes too deep

D'you know, she studied in Paris, same year I was going to the Sorbonne. If I'd ever descended as far south as Montparnasse, and gone to the Sunday evening teas of that fearsome American Girls' Club, I might ha' met her four years back. If I'd ha' known that I'd have even braved the terrors of said Club, which every right-minded man loathes (though I don't tell Edith that, to be sure. She poured the inevitable tea there!) Well, I've made up for lost time, anyway

We're going to rent our rooms furnished both of us, and we're off tomorrow to the coast, And she'll take watercolors and paper, and I'll take pen and ink and we'll—work? My dear fellow, were you ever in love?—in June?—and by the seas? We'll wander on the sand at low tide and marvel over every perfect shell and drift of weed, and sit on the rocks and watch the great breakers roll in, and the gulls wheel through the blue—the strong gulls—and climb the cliffs, and—ah, thank God, thank God, whatever may come, for this summer of perfect fulfilment before me—success and love and the great sea—mine, and mine!

July 30th

Bob, old boy, I'm desperate. The Transcendental Man is certainly on a strike. Of course I didn't expect to work much, but I did expect to feel the Power simmering within me—and, confound it! I'm just the same old helpless fool! Bless the dear girl, she doesn't see it. To her I'm always the Transcendental Man. Queer, her judgment is no good at all when it comes to my tales. She says it's too much as if 'twas her own work, and his own work no man can judge except when it's got "cold" from years in a cubby-hole. Well, I'd not care, but I

wanted to—in fact, Edith and I had planned to set up house-keeping this fall. She's a womanly little body and wants a home of her own. We've planned for a flat we know, up on 96th Street, near the Park, and she's figured out the cost of it all. You'd never think that pretty, little, helpless thing could be so practical. I wouldn't bank on the correctness of her arithmetic, but if we can make it even at her low estimate for running expenses, I've got to write. I've no backing of capital now. I'm thinking of applying for a sub-editorship on some newspaper. I see no other road open to me.

There is no question in my mind—here in the living presence of the sea, with the most vital relation of life waiting for me, I have faced things without shirking—There is no question of my powerlessness in the hands of that Power which I call the Transcendental Man. There is a something great—a genius if you will—that resides in me, fettered; or chooses to visit me at times. But to break these fetters, or to open the door for that visitant, I must almost destroy the bond between body and spirit.

We all know that fasting breeds hallucinations, and seems sometimes to give supernatural powers. And you know what opium did for me. Sometimes I half believe in the Buddhist theories, and think that as the clutch of the physical is loosened, my spirit wakens to remember other lives and the stories that so come to me are vivid because they are simply recollections of my own past.

But if that is so, what then? No man could live long on the starving system—besides which, it's beastly unpleasant. As for the other alternative I shrink from it with horror trebled because I hope to guard with my life another and dearer life. Do you think that I would go to her, a sot, with a life of miserable slavery broken by glorious dreams, and ending in almost certain shame—perhaps in the madhouse? I've chosen. I take the grind with the self-respect, and her love in place of fame, keeping my soul in obscurity, but in decency.

McDonald's tell me the last story will make a greater sensation than Alessandro. Well, let them make the most of it. It's the last they'll ever get from me."

This letter with its ideal Edith portrayed in unconscious touches, its effort to match her "practicality," even the overbigness of phrase that reflected her feminine lack of humour, had relieved Brent mightily. In this housewifely woman who figured out expenses (though incorrectly, as Douglas had hinted with a smile which Brent could almost see) and planned her home-nest, he saw for Macleod the steadying element his erratic nature needed No thought of anxiety troubled him therefore, during the long silence that followed.

"Douglas is just too busy making love to waste his time on me," he had told himself with a smile.

So the next letter with its slanting hand, and its dejected, downhill address, tipping despairingly off the margin of the letter, had given him an unexpected start.

November 20th

You know, old boy, it's hard lines to have posed as a genius when you're nothing but just plain Man. Now here am I who have plagiarized two immortal works from the Transcendental Man, and all the hungry horde of editors are after me again, hot-foot. They want Stuff, and they insist it must be up to the level of the work of the Transcendental. McDonald's want a full-sized novel now, and I can't give it to them.

Then, there are the critics, comparing my own tales with those of the Transcendental, and making unpleasant remarks, even hinting that I stole the latter. Of course, I did, in a way, but at least my sources weren't French.

Worst of all, there's Edith urging me not to give up writing for the sake of a minor editorial position, but to go on doing "splendid things to make her proud of me." And I don't dare to tell her how the "splendid things" come

Would she understand? Do you think that any good woman could un-

derstand the necessity of a man to taste the apple? Don't remind me that Eve took the first bite. Edith isn't Eve. *Could* she understand the awful fascination of that drug for me, and how the hands of all these good people are pushing me on to the Devil?

I'm half afraid it's my fame—poor little, new, tinselly Fame!—she loves as much as me, and to tell her it's a filched garment would break—her heart? Well, our engagement, anyhow. To tell her one story is Opium, the other Starvation, Coffee and Wine—isn't it pretty to think of? Br-r-r-r-r!

But she swears she'll not marry me if it's to "spoil my career," and force me to give up writing—my "real work"—for a small editorial position. What the Devil *is* a man to do?

January 20th

Letter came too late, Bobs. In fact, I put it away unopened, and only read it yesterday. You couldn't save me with your wise words—I couldn't save myself with my vows—Edith—she might have saved me, if she'd only guessed—but she didn't guess, and I—fool!—let her make me promise her a book for her wedding present as her condition of having a wedding at all. Well, the present is ready, but I doubt of the wedding.

Yes, the Book is done, and I'm done. When I look in the mirror yonder, I see myself green as a five days corpse. Might look greener with propriety. I've been a dead man since I bought that first dose of Opium two months ago. I've lived on whisky, tobacco and opium since. The Book's made—but I—.

Well, but you can't despise me—it's a masterpiece. Its like has never been written. Don't I know? The life of a man is in it, the soul of a man has bought it. And it will live forever. What's the difference about me?

Good-bye, old man. Don't you worry over me. I've got the sense to know the road that's my road now, and I'm not too sorry to tread it I've had my life, I've loved my life; and everything in it, to the blackest sin and the sharpest agony I call good. And now—

"Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay Carcase crippled to abide."

Robert Brent laid down the last sheet gently, and, raising his head, stared out into the rainy winter night.

"She's proud of the book, good Lord!" he muttered harshly. "An accident—and she's proud of the book!"

He touched it softly—the Book written with the boy's impetuous soul, the Book that would live forever, love, repulsion, attraction in the gesture.

"Oh, it's good. It's damned good. I wonder if he thinks it worth the price—now."

THE residence illustrated on the next page is one which meets all the needs of the average family, and has a pleasing exterior that attracts favorable comment from all who see it.

The ground floor has a reception-room, parlor, dining-room and kitchen. The reception-room is very pleasant and from it may be seen the parlor and dining-room. There is an attractive staircase from the reception-room, and a seat may be placed where shown. The parlor has a large open fire-place and brick mantle. Between the parlor and the dining-room are sliding doors; this allows of complete isolation of the dining-room when desired. The dining-room is panelled with hardwood and burlap, and has stucco plastering. A plate rail is provided, as is also a china closet.

The whole ground floor, with the exception of the kitchen and pantry, may be used as one room with pleasing effect. It will also be noted that there are two doors between the kitchen and the other parts of the house, and therefore there is no possibility of odors from the kitchen penetrating to the dining-room, parlor or reception hall.

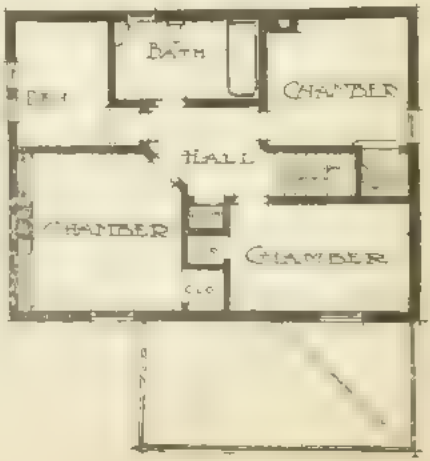
Although the kitchen is so thoroughly isolated it is still very accessible, and the hall and vestibule are reached from any room on the ground floor without passing through any other room. The pantry has every known convenience. There is a combination cellar entrance which is extremely convenient

The second floor has three large bedrooms and a den. Each chamber has large closets and wardrobes, there is also a linen closet in the hall. The bath room is fitted up with the best plumbing.

The basement has a concrete floor and a thorough system of drainage. A hot air furnace supplies all rooms and halls with ample warmth. In the basement there are also an ash-pit and a soft-water tank which sends water to the pump placed at the kitchen sink There are large fuel rooms, fruit cellar and vegetable-bins. Tenders have been received for this house and the price is $3,500 00 complete.

A ~ 60 00 RE ~ ~

~ ND F OOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST

IT was a Winnipeg little girl who, bidding farewell to an aunt who had made quite a lengthy visit, smiled sweetly in response to the aunt's "Good-bye dear," and said with an air of doing exactly the right thing, "Good-bye auntie, I hope I'll be a great big girl before you come to visit us next time."

LESS AND LESS

THE [illegible]
'Round the waist of a hatless girl,
While over the dustless, mudless roads
In a horseless wagon they whirl.
Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joys
By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,
With a dish of stringless beans.
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe,
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

RETURNED WITH THANKS

THO' odd this theory appears,
'Tis true for prose or rhyme:
An editor's declining years
Are when he's in his prime.

REPAIRS

Redd—"Does it cost you much to run your automobile?"

Greene—"Well, it seems to cost me more when it won't run."

NOT A QUESTION OF GUILT

The Client—Sir, I am wrongfully charged with the embezzlement of a large sum. May I count upon your aid in establishing my innocence?

The Lawyer—Er—have you the money with you?

YOUNG AMERICA

Teacher (on her way from school): I didn't see you at school to-day, Willie.

Willie: Well, I knew you'd see me on your way home, so thought you wouldn't mind so much.

LIMITED

Mrs. Dyer—What has become of Mrs. Higbee? I haven't seen her in an age.

Mrs. Ryer—Well, you know she has only one afternoon out a week since she began keeping a servant.

ON BOARD SHIP

"SHALL I [illegible]
to your room, dear?" inquired the affectionate wife.

"No, just order it thrown overboard," returned the unhappy husband.

SHE FEARED FOR THE FUTURE

MRS. Ellen Picton Osler, who died recently at the age of 101 years, was the mother of four famous Canadians. Dr. William Osler, who is reported to have said that all men over sixty years of age should be chloroformed, is the best known of the four—perhaps because of this suggestion. JudgeFeatherstone Osler is one of the greatest of Canadian judges, as his brother, the late B. B. Osler, was one of its leading criminal lawyers. The fourth brother, E. B. Osler, is a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway and member of the Canadian Parliament. Because of his large successful financial undertakings, he is sometimes referred to as Canada's John D. Rockefeller.

When Mrs. Osler celebrated her one-hundredth birthday, there was a little family [illegible] in at the [illegible] house. The [illegible] and the doctor and the financier, and the rest of "the children" were all there, talking over old times, and telling Mrs. Osler how young she looked.

"But I'm not feeling as young as I used," she demurred. "I'm not nearly so 'peart' as I was. I think I must be getting old."

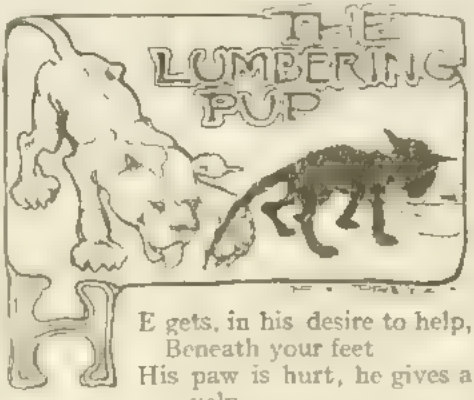
"Oh, come now, mother," said the doctor, "I'll tell you what you need. It's a glass of port wine every morning about eleven o'clock. It'll do you good—now, mother, I know it will."

The old lady shook her head. "I couldn't, Billy. No, I couldn't."

"But why, mother? Why won't you?"

For some time Mrs. Osler only smiled and shook her head again. Finally she yielded.

"Why, Billy dear," she protested gently, "I couldn't possibly. I might get the habit!"



E gets, in his desire to help,
Beneath your feet
His paw is hurt, he gives a yelp,
And beats a retreat

He grows officious with the cat,
Pretends to growl,
And promptly gets a side swipe that
Evokes a howl

He lumbers up, with jaws agape,
The crowd among
Whereat the other dogs escape
And he gets stung

But he [illegible] though full of woe
[illegible]
And [illegible]
The playful pup.

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

THAT a cavalryman unhorsed is most easily cowed?

That one can show his temper only after he has lost it?

That a contractor should be called to expand a house?

That no young man ever rose rapidly till he had settled down?

That the plow must be soiled before the soil can be plowed?

That a susceptible fellow is hardest hit by the softest glances?

That in everything (save base[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

THE GREETING

THIS is the season, isn't it, when one wants to be personal—to give a little bit of himself. And so we are not content to offer our Christmas greeting in the words of other men, no matter how stirring and beautiful the words may be, but must also bring a greeting of our own.

It is only to Youth that one can say a Merry Christmas without some sadness lurking in the words. And Canada, thank God, is young and strong and open-hearted and full of promise and high hopes. She has, to vex her, no problems that come of great wrongs done; no question of how brother shall be reconciled to brother; no anxiety as to wherewith her chilren shall be fed. Freedom is within her borders and Peace dwells there: Prosperity and Progress walk hand in hand through her broad lands. Her sons, unhindered and unchallenged, may each work out his own life problems; may each postulate to his reason and make visible in deeds his own conception of "this scheme of things entire."

Tolerantly the nation gathers all who choose to come into the shelter of her wealth and liberty. Steady-eyed she gazes forth into a future when on her may depend the welfare of a world.

To Canada, young and strong and unafraid, we wish a Merry Christmas and—sure that she will have it and many like it—a Happy New Year.

IS THE MODERN MAN RELIGIOUS?

THE other day a big, energetic, money-making Western-Canadian who usually talks business or tells funny stories, laid aside his mask—a pleasant mask but not the real man—and told something of the thing he wants to do. And what do you think it is? To found a school for boys: a school where the ideal is to be the training of moral, patriotic, Christian citizens.

We have got into the habit, some of us, of speaking as if only material things take up the attention of mankind to-day. But candidly do we believe it? Isn't it true that even in this that we call the commercial age, amid all the pressure of problems, national, civic, social and personal, the thinking man is often constrained to turn aside and contemplate his own relation not only to his fellowmen but to the "First Cause" under whatever term he may choose to express it?

Mankind is essentially religious. History has saved us the trouble of proving that. But the modern man "wants to know." He is not taking anything, religious or otherwise, without question; and, moreover, he demands that the people who try to tell things shall be experts in their lines. Then he is willing to listen.

There is just now a decided movement toward the discussion of Comparative Religions and, as part of it, a marked and undeniable revival of interest in the New Testament from the standpoints of its influence on the modern world, and the modern man's attitude toward it.

To publish the best on whatever subject is interesting the reading world—that is our aim in CANADA-WEST as we hope the magazine has long since

convinced you. We have secured and hold for publication a series of articles by Dr. Shailer Mathews on "The Modern Man and the Gospel." Dr. Mathews, who is editor of "The World To-Day" and dean of a great divinity college, is one of the most profound thinkers and writers of the present time and has spent years in careful study and research. Whatever he may have to say on these subjects cannot fail to be of unusual interest. We count ourselves fortunate to have this series of articles to offer you. Let us know, when they come out what you think of them. Do you agree with the author's conclusions? In your opinion is the modern man more, or less, religious than his forbears?

A PLEASURE COMING

YOU are going to be delighted with our next serial, "The Homesteaders" by Mrs. Beckton. All the atmosphere of the prairie is in it. That is perhaps the dominant impression it leaves; just as in Robert Hichen's "Garden of Allah," it is the feel of the desert rather than the plot or the people that lingers in your consciousness. But if the invigorating prairie atmosphere is one of the most remarkable elements in "The Homesteaders" it is not by any means the only good thing. The Homesteaders themselves are very real and very interesting young people and you will find yourself absorbed in the account of their struggles, their failures and successes. There are no great dramatical scenes, no abnormal happenings in the story. It is one of those quiet convincing chronicles that appeal to so large a portion of the reading public, a record of just such days as really come to people who go out from the crowded places of the world and build up for themselves homes in the vast "out doors."

In this case the people are a charming young girl, Joan Tremayne, and her two brothers; and the story of them and their neighbors, good amusing Mrs. Bradley and the cultured Corlyons and Mac Ireton, and all the varied folk of a western settlement, make exceedingly good reading. The incidents are told with a humor and a sympathetic feeling that are delightful, and there is a deftly handled love element that has a happy ending.

And all through the story blows the fresh prairie breeze and before the mind's eye of the reader lie the wonderful stretches of land, beautiful and fascinating whether covered with snow or rolling away in long swelling slopes of green to the grey-blue horizon."

WHERE WE APOLOGIZE TO CY.

REGINALD DE KOVEN, the famous composer, has just arranged with Cy Warman to set to music "When the Dark Comes Down," the poem which was printed for the first time in the CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE for September.

In fact, it was written especially for the CANADA-WEST one late September afternoon in Winnipeg while the presses were thundering out the first forms of the magazine and we waited as impatiently for it to be done as an amateur cook with her first pie. If we remember correctly, we indulged in some purple remarks to Cy because he didn't finish up the refrain fast enough, though Cy, being an old hand, merely grunted and didn't bear malice afterwards.

And now Reginald de Koven has asked—asked humbly, mind you—if he can have "When the Dark Comes Down" and write the music to it. We couldn't count the number of poets—real poets with middle names—who have asked Mr. de Koven humbly if he couldn't set some little thing of theirs to music,—and received a polite turn-down.

It takes a good deal to crush us, but we admit that it has been done this time. We apologize to Mr. Warman for our royal purple language, and congratulate him on his success.

The Editor.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL AND TORONTO

GUERNSEY, SASKATCHEWAN.

Guernsey is one of the new towns on the C. P. R. which was built this summer. It is the first town west of Lanigan Junction, where the Kirkella extension joins the Man. and N. W. from Shcho. It is about 400 miles northwest of Winnipeg and is splendidly situated as to railway facilities, being on the main line of the C. P. R. from Winnipeg to Edmonton. It is the centre of a splendid wheat producing country all open Prairie and well settled by an industrious class of people mostly Ontarions and Americans. There are, within a radius of eight miles from the town, ten thousand acres under cultivation. Some record crops have been grown here. Wheat yielding 50 bus. and Oats 80 bus. per acre. The first settler on this beautiful plain came in three years ago. It has two general stores and an up-to-date Blacksmith shop. Several Lumber firms and a real estate firm are opening business. There are good openings for a Hotel, Livery and feed stable, Elevator, Barber shop and a Bank

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

Portage la Prairie is throbbing with genuine prosperity and is destined to become, in the not distant future, the most important railroad, industrial and residential center of all Western Canada. With four great railroad systems—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Great Northern, we have railroad shipping and distributing facilities positively unexcelled in Western Canada, barring none! Desirable industrial and residential sites are available, that are both convenient and cheap, while the cost of living is comparatively low. Capitalists, manufacturers, wholesalers and everyone wishing to participate to the fullest possible extent in the unprecedented prosperity of this, the last and grea est West, must come west, where the benefits of unexcelled railroad facilities and lessened expenses will prove greatest, and as a business proposition, it will pay you to investigate th advantages and greater possibilities of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, the prettiest and healthiest residential city in Western Canada. Any desired info mation will be furnished cheerfully by H. W. Baker, Sec'y Twenty Thousand Club & Board of Trade, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

CALGARY.

Calgary, the main distributing center between Winnipeg and the coast, has a railway pay list of One Million Dollars per annum, municipal electric power and light, and steam coal at $2.50 per ton. Around the city is a wealth of raw materials in forest, farm and mine. Money can be made in Calgary in the manufacture of brushes and brooms; blackings, oils, etc.; gas fittings and brass castings; glassware; blankets and horse clothing; horseshoes and nails; coffee, spice and package goods; flax products; ropes and cordage.